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TRANSLATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETRY
INTO LATIN VERSE.

F. W. NEWMAN.

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TRANSLATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETRY INTO LATIN VERSE;

DESIGNED AS

PART OF A NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTING IN LATIN.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE translations which follow were not made for exercise or amusement, but as part of a practical scheme for instruction in Latin, of which the first instalment was, my version of Hiawatha *(Trübner, London)*, in poetical Latin prose. A third part might be a novel *(Rebilius Cruso)* which I have long had in MS.: but my Hiawatha has scarcely attained any notice. I am nevertheless excited anew to publish, by the certainty that the whole question of Latin teaching must shortly be reconsidered from the foundation.

The doctrine which I hold was defended at full in the Edinburgh Museum, No. IV., January, 1862. The main points may be thus summed up. 1. We ought, in Latin as in modern languages, to learn the *language* first, and study the *literature* afterwards. 2. Grammar should follow or accompany

the pupil, not precede him; and should be concrete, not abstract; practical, not ambitious of philosophy; and by collation of examples or lists of words should rather suggest than express generalization. 3. All subtleties and all avoidable difficulties should be held back; since to postpone difficulties is generally to dispel them. The old recipe to a puzzled boy: "Skip and go on:" is not so bad. 4. The pupil should learn the *material* of the language abundantly. This requires great repetition and a large surface of reading or talk; which, for most pupils, demands a style far easier than that of the classics. Even Terence abounds with *idiom* which learners find difficult. 5. The language presented to pupils should be as little involved as possible, so that each clause may be understood by itself. 6. Since our teachers can never talk Latin as natives (inasmuch as, in this century, we cannot possibly get practice enough) we need to *write* for learners an easy elementary literature, which should also, if possible, elevate the imagination or at least entice the mind. (I hear that selections from Erasmus are now to be employed. If they prove *interesting,* I make sure they will be of much value.) 7. In every thing the pupil should be made to take one difficulty at

a time. Hence he should not be distracted by strange geography, mythology, law, politics, history, needless idiom, or obscure allusions. All these things may be of interest *after* he has learned the language; seldom before: and they will always impede learning to the great bulk of a school.

It is sure to be objected by opponents, that modern writers are apt to make errors. Of course we are. I have this instant a disagreeable illustration, having too late detected, in piece 50, line 6, "minor tibi" for, inferior *to* thee. (See the CORRIGENDA.) It is hard for a translator to read his own work with fresh eyes, and harder still to ask of any competent scholar the favour of revision: hence I dare not be confident that some other mistakes will not be found. But in every case our possible errors are as nothing to those, which, in the days of Cicero, every foreigner in Rome heard from illiterate persons: yet such a foreigner had vast advantage over us. Our errors will not damage the learner, unless they are fixed and consistent, as in a provincial dialect. On the other hand, if he be confined to classics, and time be not lavishly given, the *quantity* read by nineteen out of twenty will be small, and this evil cannot be compensated by *quality*.

If any teacher use these pieces as I design them, he will make the English *an exercise of Elocution*; then it will be gradually impressed on the memory with little effort. Yet learning by heart ought to be cultivated, and has in my opinion been unwisely given up or lessened since I was a schoolboy. The knowledge of the English pieces will aid to economise the use of the dictionary. and will give a true idea of the sense of the Latin. If the pupil be allowed to take improper advantage, it will be entirely the teacher's fault, who ought to catechise him on the exact meaning of the Latin words, as well as on the structure.

To imitate the style of one particular author, or borrow from a poet his combinations of words, is so evidently a grave fault, that it is wonderful how it has been thought a virtue. To imitate even the rhythm of one poet exclusively, can only be justified by a general contempt of the rest. As I do not use continuous Hexameter (which demands a high subject) I need not claim a right to end the verse occasionally with a word of five syllables, as does Lucretius. But if a Pentameter be good enough for Tibullus or Catullus, I do not care to ask whether I can find like verses in Ovid. Translation is always hard enough : why make it artificially

harder? As to verses called Lyric, I do as Horace and Catullus themselves did,—go to the Greeks for the foundation, and compact the lines into stanzas suited for the material before me.

Eton masters in old days would not permit to boys such rhythm as Virgil himself uses, and obtruded into the third line of the Alcaic a restriction unknown to Horace. Not that I would claim *every* liberty for which there is precedent, even in Catullus; much less in the dramas known by the name of Seneca, which carry monotony of lyric metre to its maximum. Before the single Choriamb Catullus and the Greeks seem to prefer a Trochee to a Spondee, and allow an Iamb. These I follow rather than Horace. Yet before a double Choriamb the Spondee is perhaps necessary.

Many treat it as an inadmissible Græcism to shorten, instead of eliding, a long vowel before a short; as: Si mĕ amas; Ilĭŏ alto: Pelĭŏ Ossam. On the contrary, elision is *primâ facie* the liberty, and the practice of the Greeks alone intelligible. Elision is here a great paradox; for it seems as though adding a vowel made a phrase shorter. For instance, Vidi equidem, satisfies Virgil as a Choriamb; but Vidi quidem is too long, too heavy. What theory will explain this?

The analogous paradox of final *m* is explicable by the hypothesis to which the phenomenon of *con* and *co* points; viz., the *m*, even in prose, was not sounded *at all* before a vowel. This reverses the French practice, which has two modes of pronouncing half the words of the language: but *their* final consonant is sounded, not before a consonant, but before a vowel. If the Latins in prose said: "Bellum quidem campestre novi," but, "Bellu equidem campestre novi," we can understand that

Bellu equidem novi campestre—
Bella equidem novi campestria—

are equally good for Dactylic rhythm; while

Bellum quidem novi campestre—

is not good.

Be this as it may, I cannot bear to cut off the m of monosyllables, nor of any word if a great stop follows; as No. 6, line 6 from end. In No. 1, line 15, it would be easy to write virorum; but I prefer virûm. Latin poets seem to evade altogether the use of Cum, Nam, Jam, Quam, &c., before a vowel: but this may become a slavery. I hope that I cannot corrupt the taste of learners by making Cum api an anapæst and Jam huic an iamb.

It may be well to state that my vacillation between œ and æ in a few words is not from carelessness or misprint: but because I have no conviction which of the two is right, and it is better for learners to be aware that at least in old editions of the classics they may meet either. The authority of this or that MS. is easily overrated, since the corrupt pronunciation of e for æ œ is very ancient in Italy.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 52, line 5 from bottom, *for* lanes *read* lines.
Page 67, line 12, *for* suberas *read* tuleras.
Pages 87, 89, *for* Charulē *read* Charulē.
Page 102, line 8, *for* crested *read* created.
Page 113, *penult.* line, *for* tuum *read* tuam.
Page 117, *to remove error in the penult. line, read :—*

Effulget . . . . Te præstare tamen fatentur.

Page 129, line 7, *lest* stramen, (litter) *be rendered* thatch : *read :* fulgida,

Substratis pellibus intra.

Page 131, line 2, *for* siut *read* sint.
——— line 12, *for* jubcat *read* jubeat.
Page 165, last line, *for* hand *read* haud.
Page 179, line 7, "Antegressa," if defensible, yet suggests error. I wish I had printed:

Aestas tum rosea irruens
Complexum pătris occupat.

A few stops are also misprinted.

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METRICAL NOTICE.

In SECTION I. pieces 1 to 4 contain the common Hexameters and Pentameters. In 5 to 11, the Iambic Dimeter is added to the Dactylic Hexameter, as in Horace, Epod. 14 and 15.

In SECTION II. the Anapaestic systems are quite regular, except in 22, where an Anapaestic is followed by an Iambic Dimeter. I know no precedent for this. My only justification is, that it seemed to suit the piece.

In SECTION III. the Choriambics are either as in Horace or as in Catullus. In SECTION IV. the innovation is chiefly in the *composition* of stanzas. No. 54 has an initial syllable in excess, which is often called *Ionic a majori*. No. 59 has a Euripidean line, which gives some wildness.

The metres of SECTION V. need no particular remark, except that 70—72, being Dactylic + Iambic, might have been classed with 5—11; and that 76, 77 contain Trochaics and Cretics (– ⏑ –).

On SECTION VI. remarks are made in the Note at the end.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1. FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl:
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes blow; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

3. Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our pray'rs;
Oh grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

SECTION I.

Dactylic.

1. VESPERTINA velut tinnit campanula, sic vox
   Servat nostra melos, remigium numeros.
   ANNA ubi sancta sedet, sancte suprema canemus,
   Quum lux in ripâ deseret alma nemus.
   Vah socii; properans (incumbite!) se rotat amnis:
   Lux abit e caelo: jam furet aestus aquae.

2. Vela jubet quisquam nos pandere? nulla sed aura
   Spirat, caeruleam quae cita crispet aquam.
   At simul ac flabit ventus de littore, lassis
   O suavem remis tunc dabimus requiem.
   Vah venti! properans (exsurgite!) se rotat amnis:
   Lux abit e caelo: jam furet aestus aquae.

3. Flumen O Ottăvium! tremula haec citŏ luna videbit
   Fluctibus in mediis nos equitare tuis.
   Sanctĕ virûm! haec quem viridis tenet insula; dextros
   Mitte, precor, flatūs frigidulosque dies.
   Vah venti! properans (exsurgite!) se rotat, &c.

SUNSET ON THE SEA.

How dear to me the hour, when daylight dies,
  And sunbeams melt along the silent sea!
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
  And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
And as I watch the line of light, which plays
  Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
  And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.

THE RAINY DAY.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
   It rains, and the wind is never weary:
   The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
   But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
     And the day is dark and dreary.
2. My life is cold and dark and dreary;
   It rains, and the wind is never weary.
   My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
   But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
     And the days are dark and dreary.
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
   Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
   Thy fate is the common fate of all:
   Into each life some rain must fall;
     Some days must be dark and dreary.

[2]

O quàm cara mihi hora revertit, quâ moritur lux
Dia, marique ardens sol lĭquet in tacito.
Tunc de praeteritis gratissima somnia surgunt,
Suspiratque tibi vespere cura memor.
Et dum contueor, ut lucida linea mollem
Praeterludit aquam, quà jubar ardet adhuc,
Aurea me stringit radiorum semita, tanquam
Spe beet alliciens insula clara rĕtro.

[3]

1. MOESTA dies tenĕbras et frigus procreat: imber
Jam cadit, et vento vis nova semper adest.
Vitis adhuc septum complectitur arcta labascens,
At folia inspirante cadunt demortua vento:
Solvitur in tenĕbras tristitiamque dies.
2. Tristis vita gelu ac tenĕbras mea procreat: imber
Mĭ cadit, et vento vis nova semper adest.
Mens mea Præteritum complectitur arcta labascens,
At sub flamine crebra cadit spes cara juventæ:
Miscentur tenĕbris tristitiâque dies.
3. Quin tu, pectus ătrox, requiesces? mitte querelam:
Pone etenim nubeis sol etiam radiat.
Cunctorum tua sors est sors communis, opinor;
Queis quandoque decet vitam infestarier imbre,
Atque aliquot tenĕbris tristitiâque dies.

EXILE OF ERIN.

1. THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
   The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
   For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
   To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
   But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
   For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean;
   Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
   He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.
2. Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger;
   The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
   But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
   A home and a country remain not to me.
   Never again, in the green sunny bow'rs
   Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
   Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flow'rs,
   And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.
3. Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,
   In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore:
   But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
   And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
   O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
   In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
   Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
   They died to defend me, or live to deplore.
4. Where is my cabin door, fast to the wild wood?
   Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
   Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood,
   And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

[4]

1. ASTITIT in ripâ miser exsul Hibernus ; at illi
   Commaduit vestis frigida rore gravi.
Pro patriâ lugebat, oberrans lucis ad ortum
   Solus ventisoni per juga celsa maris.
Huic oculos strinxit tristeis Venus, inde resurgens,
Insula ubi arridebat ei pătria Oceanitis,
Quà juvenis quondam salvere jubebat Iernen,
   Audax cantandi, turbidus igne novo.
2. Vae mihi, qualis agor! dixit cor saucius hospes :—
   Vel lupus ad latĕbras ac fera dama fŭgit :
Sed mihi perfugium nusquam est famis atque pericli ;
   Nulla mihī restat pātria, nulla domus.
Nec suaveis posthac horas per ăprica vireta,
Antè meis laete proavis celĕbrata, morabor ;
Nec lyra mî resonans salvere jubebit Iernen,
   Floribus aucta novis, quos ager ipse plicet.
3. O pătria! ejectus quanquam, tua moestus, Ierne!
   Per somnos video littora pulsa mari.
Sed vigil heu! perĕgre procul angor; quotquot amabam,
   Divulsos semper, corde calente petens.
O fatum crudele meum, nunquamne reponar
Pacis in hospitium, quod nulla pericla fatigent ?
Fratribus anne iterum circum dem brachia, qui me
   Plorant usque, meâ seu periere vice.
4. Propter ăgreste nemus, vosne, O pater atque sorores!
   Flevistis, quando janua nostra ruit ?
Ah ubĭnam latitat, puerum quae cara fovebat
   Me visu mater ? carior illa ubĭnam ?

O my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure;
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
5. Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
  One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing;
  Land of my forefathers! Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harpstriking bards sing aloud with devotion,
  Erin mavournin! Erin-go-bragh!

MIDNIGHT BEFORE CORINTH.

'Tis midnight. On the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down.
Blue roll the waters: blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly spiritually bright.
Who ever gaz'd upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there,
Calm, clear and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.

Vah ego mersĕ mălis, pridem cui cassa voluptas,
Quod citŏ marcescit, cur tanto amplector amore ?
Imbre licet lăcrimer, non exsultantia cordi
Gaudia restituam, non veneres oculis.
5. Voce tamen solus moribundâ vota prŏfundam,
Pectore sub caeco tristia quaeque premens.
Almâ te periens exsul prece donat, Ierne !
Salve, sancta parens, pristina terra pătrum !
Quum mihi sistet humo gelidum cor, usque virescas,
Insula in oceano tu quae dulcissima fulges ;
Et vatum pia vox, " Salve, carissima Ierne !
" Salve, cara ! iterum :" concinat alta lyrae.

[5]

Nox media allapsa est : fuscis os montibus instat
Lunae rotundum frigidae.
Caeruleae volvuntur aquae ; supèr, altera pendent
Extenta pelagi caerula,
Insula ubi indomitos fulgores plurima jactat
Mente acriore fervidos.
Quis, tantum obtuitus splendorem, despicit infra,
Nec aeger animi deperit,
Alas exoptans quibus avolet, in jubar illud
Se sempiternum ut misceat ?
Caerula, pura, serena jacebant aequora, utroque
In littore, instar aetheris ;
Et vix disjiciens undarum crista lapillos
Crepabat, ut rivus brevis.

The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
The banners droop'd along their staves;
And as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling:
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke;
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill;
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call to wonted pray'r:
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain.
'Twas musical, 'twas sadly sweet;
Such as when winds and harpstrings meet,
And take a long unmeasur'd tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

THE WATERFALL.

1. THE waterfall! the waterfall!
How sounds its sweet melodious call
The Alpine valleys through!
It streaks the dark rock's distant side;
Its foam upon the air doth ride.
Thou beautiful! the mountain's bride;
Far gliding into view.

Nam summis in aquis dormitat ventus ubique :
Vexilla fluxa decidunt,
Atque insigne, sŭpra circumfluitantibus exstans,
En ! luna crescens praenitet.
Prorsus conticuere loci, nisi quà vigil astans
Miles reclamat tesseram ;
Vel si quà, sonitu geminato a collibus, hinnit
Equus protervus acriter ;
Seu trucis illius crepitat vox caeca catervae,
Ut frondium, mari ad mare ;
Dum mediâ de nocte sacerdos ritĕ süetam
Solemnis ad precem vocat.
Hujus at insurgit per campos, daemonis instar
Lugūbre solitarii,
Carmen, blandisonum maestoque canore refertum :
Ut, aura siquando ingruit,
Nacta fĭdes, sine more fremit praelonga querelam,
Egressa mortales lyras.

[6]

1. O quæ præcipiti salĭs undâ devia, clivo
Delapsa montis infimo,
Quam dulci numerosa tuo vox ore profundit
Valleis per Alpinas melos !
Ventosis eques in spumis, procul albida, saxum
Pallore distinguis nĭgrum ;
Et longinqua oculis, montis nova nupta ! retecto
Formosa velo prænites.

2. Nearer I come; and o'er thy form,
As if to quell the beauteous storm
That ever battles there,
I see a veil of tender hue,
A rainbow of ethereal dew,
Hang lightly in the air.

3. The mighty brother pines have shed
Their fruits around thy rocky bed:
The eagle's wing is slowly spread
Above thy cloud of foam.
Has Nature a more glorious child
Than thou, the wonderful and wild
In thine own mountain home?

4. Yet, as I stand upon thy brink,
It seems, that but a feeble link
Restrains my footsteps, ere they sink
In that bright waste below:
But who would wish, the secret things
The wonders of the angry springs,
In thy abyss to know?

5. Thou seem'st a child of wrath, and yet
Those smiles upon thy waters set
Tell not of passion's strife.
If passion-born thy music ring
Surely thou art the fairest thing
That discord gives to life.

2. At (prope si veniam) suspensus leniter, ecce!
Pulcris duellis arbiter
Considit variis tenĕrisque coloribus arcus
E rore textus ætheris.

3. Celsa cohors fratrum, pini, stravere cubili
Tuo nuceis in saxeo;
Perque tuam nebulam lentissima panditur ala
Aquilae natantis äere.
Num Natura părens prolem sibi conscia jactat
Visu creatam pulcriùs
Quàm te, quæ fulges regnarier inscia, sede
Miranda semper in tuâ?
4. Servantur (credo) tenui vix compede gressūs
Astantis oras per tuas,
Ne petat immaneis pessum projectus abyssos
Argenteorum fluctuum.
Quis velit explorare, tuo qui gurgite in imo
Mirandus abditur furor?

5. Nata furore potes reputari; tu tamen ore
Suavi renidens ex aquis
Abnuis irarum rixas. Si gignitur irâ
Modulamen istud, unicam
Nae te concordem peperit discordia. Montis
Sublimitati nupta tu,

6. It is not passion. Canst thou be
Other than sonorous, wild and free,
To mountain glory wed?
Thy sisters are the lauwine's roar,
The glacier's castellated floor,
The sheet of snow, which mantles o'er
The tall peak's needling head.

7. Farewell! though now thy beauty seems
No more the presage of my dreams,
A mighty thing, whose image teems
With glory yet unseen;
Still wast thou beautiful and bright
As to my visionary sight
When by thee I have been.

8. Thy veil of light is on my eye,
And on my ear it cannot die—
Thy music's distant sound.
What lovely spirit threads her way
Through thy thin labyrinth of spray,
I know not: but a thought will say,—
How glorious thou wast found!

THE LOCUST.

THE Locust is fierce and strong and grim
And a mailèd man is afraid of him.
He comes like a wingèd shape of dread,
With his shielded back and his armèd head,

6. Non potes insanire! decet furiosa* sonare,
Cui consŏbrina terna sunt
Dira ruina tonans de monte, gelatus et amnis
Turritus alte, tum nivis
Taenia, quae montis praeacuta cacumina vestit.

7. O mira! sed vale, vale;
Etsi non mihĭ jam per somnia pulcrior astas
Visuque major indies.
Nec tua me vigilem praeclarior urget imago
Ingentiorque somniis;
At tu pulcra tamen restas praeclaraque, qualem
Te credidi fanaticus,
8. Dudŭm; adhuc etenim tua fulgida mĭ pluit unda,
Neque auribus perit melos
Istud longisonans. Tenueis asperginis almus
Quisnam per ambageis tuæ
Spiritus insinuetur, ego haud sciŏ: tu tamen una
Reperĕris illustrissima.

[7]

1. TORVA lŏcusta, ferox, fortisque est; quam timet armis
Hērōs amictus squameis:
Quae, galeata caput, dorsum clipeata, Pavoris
Ostentat instar alitis,

* *Furiosa*, neut. pl. acous.

[*Locusta*, as a proper name, has ō long in Juvenal. As the name of an insect, it is not found in Latin poetry.]

And his double wings for hasty flight,
And a keen unwearying appetite.
He comes with Famine and Fear along,
An army a million million strong.
The Goth and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun
With his swarming people wild and dun,
Brought not the dread that the locust brings,
When is heard the rush of their myriad wings.
From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
Where the lions roam and the serpents breed,
Far over the sea, away! away!
And they darken the sun at noon of day.
Like Eden the land before they find,
But they leave it a desolate waste behind.
The peasant grows pale, when he sees them come,
And standeth before them weak and dumb:
For they come like a raging fire in power,
And eat up a harvest in half an hour.
The trees are bare, and the land is brown,
As if trampled and trod by an army down.
There is terror in every monarch's eye,
When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh:
For he knows that the might of an armed host
Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast;
And that terror and famine his land await;
That from north to south 'twill be desolate.
Thus the ravening Locust is strong and grim:
And what were an armèd man to him?

Duplicibus pennis pernix ; sed venter amarâ
Tentatur aeternùm fame.
Pone trahunt, numero plures, sine fine catervae
Anni famelicos metūs.
Non Geta, Vandăliusve, aut nanâ prole feroci
Hunni scatentes fulvidâ,
Tantum concussere animos, quantum ala locustae
Stridens superne myrias.
2. A tesquis, fervens rabidis ubĭ turget arena
Leonibusque et viperis,
Diffusae longe lateque super mare, Solem
Meridianum obnubilant.
Inveniunt prae se Paradisea rura ; relinquunt,
Se pone, inania omnia.
Hâc coram legione tremens, pallore colonus
Correptus elingui stupet :
Se jaculantur enim cum vi, furiosus ut ignis,
Messemque sēmihōrâ vorant.
Arbor nuda dolet, squalēt humus herbida, tanquam
Obtrita gressu praegravi :
Nec quisquam impavidos oculos rex sustinet, harum
Percussus adventu mălo ;
Gnarus, tale sŏli monstrum non militis armis
De segete cessurum suâ,
Sed victrice fame grassarier, undique cultas
Ruris per oras devorans.
3. Tam tetrae ac validae raptrici, dic, quid obesset
Armis vir horrens ferreis ?

Fire turneth him not, nor sea prevents:
He is stronger by far than the elements.
The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
And he darkens the sun at noon of day.

THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

1. THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.
3. I love (oh! how I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south west blasts do blow.
4. I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:

Quam neque flamma fugat, nec praepedit unda ; sed ipsis
Validior elementis viget,
Et lāte sata laeta vorans interrita, Solem
Meridianum obnubilat.

[8]

1. O mare coeruleum vegetum, latissima fusum
Per spatia, semper liberum ;
Tu patulum circà telluris volveris orbem,
Expers ubique termino ;—
Vel caelo minitans, colludens nube,—vel insons
Infantis instar dormiens.
2. Jam superingredior maris aequor, amabile semper
Et semper in votis mihi.
Undique cuncta tacent ; atque omnia, desuper, infra,
Purum relucent coerulum.
Nec rēfert, mare si tumeat surgente procellâ ;
Ego vectus etenim dormiam.
3. Me juvat, O nimium ! per aquas equitare feroceis,
Spumas et undae turbidas ;
Quae modo suffundit lunam furiosa, modo altè
Rĕfert procellae sibilos,
Utque habeant se res infra pronunciat, et cur
Effrenis Africus furat.
4. Littoribus quoties in brutis segnibus asto,
Magis mare ingens diligo.
Sicut avĭs, quae matris amat lătus, hujus ad uber
Volō procellosum rĕtro.

And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.

1. Up, up! let us a voyage take!
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern seas.
2. I long to see the Northern lights,
With their rushing splendours, fly
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.
3. I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crown'd with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep
Two hundred fathoms low.

Nam pro matre fuit sanè : quippe est mihi mater,
Nāto patente in aequore.
5. Albebant fluctūs, lux matutina rubebat
Natalibus oriens meis ;
Aurea delphini dum nudant terga, remugit
Bālaena, porcus† se rotat.
Non aliàs tantus strepitus quatit aethera, quantus
Nascente filio maris.
6. Exin tranquillus turbatus, navita degi
Decem per annos quinquies.
Aut peregrè potis ire aut aes expendere, vitam
Mutare nunquam pertuli :
Nec me corripiet Mors ipsa, nisi in mare vadet,
Cursura per fluctūs vagos.

[9]

1. SURGITE ! per maria incursemus magna ! Sedere
Cur otiosos hic juvat ?
Sanam concinnamque mihi jam quaerite navem,
Quae pelagus Arcticum petit.
2. Lumina nam spectare velim Borealia, caeli
Procul stupendas trans vias,
Quae, velut igniferis animalia concita pinnis,
Splendore volitant mobili.
3. Ingenteis aveo monteis spectare gelatos,
Caput coronatos nive,
Quorum stirps viridans, ducentis amplius ulnis,
Torpet sub horrendo mari.

† Porcus marinus, *porpoise.*

4. I long to hear the thund'ring crash
   Of their terrific fall,
   And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
   Like lonely voices, call.
5. There shall we see the fierce white bear,
   The sleepy seals aground,
   And the spouting whales, that to and fro
   Sail with a dreary sound.
6. There may we tread on depths of ice
   That the hairy mammoth hide,
   Perfect, as when in times of old
   The mighty creature died.
7. And while the unsetting sun shines on
   Through the still heav'ns deep blue,
   We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
   Of the dread sea-horse to view.
8. We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
   Where wolves and black bears prowl;
   And away to the rocky isles of mist,
   To rouse the northern fowl.
9. Up there shall start ten thousand wings
   With a rushing whistling din;
   Up shall the auk and fulmar start,—
   All but the fat penguin.
10. And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
    With the silent earth below,
    We shall see far off to his lonely rock
    The lonely eagle go.
11. Then softly softly will we tread
    By inland streams, to see,

4. Horum et terrificum juvat auscultare fragorem,
Si quà ruina decidit;
Reflexosque sonos, qui mille ex rupibus astant,
Loquela solitudinis.
5. Terribileis illic ursos spectabimus albos
Phocasque in orâ torpidas,
Balaenasque vagas, tristeis mugitibus, alte
Occipite quae vomunt salum.
6. Illic mî liceat pedibus tentare profundas
Glacies, ubi elephas integer
Conditur hirsutus, primaevâ qualis in undâ
Interiit ingens bellua.
7. Sol dum clara poli tranquilli coerula lustrat
Nocteis diesque pervigil;
Vaccarum, praeter venetas spectabimus undas,
Greges marinos grandium.
8. Lustra lupique nigrique ursi linquamus, in oris
Pino severâ consitis;
Atque ubi vallatur nebulosis insula saxis,
Venemur Arcticas aveis.
9. Pennarum exsilient sexcentum millia, et acri
Stridore verrent äera:
Longa brevisve alas, nisi quas pinguedŏ gravatur,
Citō volabit impetu.
10. Illic, tranquilli per vasta silentia caeli,
Infraque dum tellus silet,
Contigerit, tristeis aquilae spectare regressūs
Ad saxa solitaria.
11. Vel pede suspenso gradientes molliter, intus
Secreta praeter flumina,

Where the Pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.
12. But if thou love the *Southern* seas
And pleasant summer weather,
Come let us mount this gallant ship
And sail away together.

THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

1. YES, let us mount this gallant ship,
Spread canvas to the wind,
Up! we will seek the glowing south,
Leave care and cold behind.
2. Let the shark pursue through the waters blue
Our flying vessel's track,
Let strong winds blow and rocks below
Threaten;—we turn not back.
3. Trusting in Him who holds the sea
In his Almighty hand,
We'll pass the awful waters wide,
Tread many a far off strand.
4. Right onward as our course we hold,
From day to day the sky
Above our head its arch shall spread
More glowing, bright and high.
5. And from night to night, oh what delight
In its azure depths to mark
Stars all unknown come glitt'ring out
Over the ocean dark.

Visemus Pelecāna, silenti qui sedet ore,
Boreale per silentium.
12. Sin vos aestivae dulcis capit halitus aurae
Ferventiore ab aequore,
Illăm agite O, fortem mecum conscendite navem,
Et mare pererremus simul.

[10]

1. Ergo agite; hanc fortem navem conscendite: ad auram
Tu pande vela liberă.
Arva remota polo, regnata calore, petamus,
Curâ relictâ ac frigore.
2. Surgite! carchărias piscis vestigia navis
In aquis sequatur coerulis:
Flamina per ventosa, maris super abdita saxa,
Retro tamen non vertimur.
3. Olli confisi, solo qui numine fluctūs
Maris tremendos continet;
Oceanum augustum transvecti, littora gressu
Longe prememus plurima.
4. Dum stabili cursu rectà procedimus, Austros
Petente, desuper simul
Clarius expandet cameram ferventior altam
Caelestis indies polus.
5. De nocte in noctem volupe est dignoscere porro,
Cyanea per sublimia,
Nigranti super oceano radiantia clare
Ignota nobis sidera:

6. The moon uprising like a sun,
   So stately, large and sheen,
   And the very stars, like cluster'd moons,
   In the crystal ether keen.
7. While all about the ship below
   Strange fiery billows play,
   The ceaseless keel through liquid fire
   Cuts wondrously its way.
8. But oh! the South, the balmy South!
   How warm the breezes float!
   How warm the amber waters stream
   From off our basking boat!
9. Come down, come down from the tall ship's side:
   What a marvellous sight is here!
   Look! purple rocks and crimson trees,
   Down in the deep so clear.
10. See where those shoals of dolphins go,
    A glad and glorious band,
    Sporting among the daybright woods
    Of a coral fairy land.
11. See on the violet sands beneath
    How the gorgeous shells do glide!
    O Sea, old Sea! who yet knows half
    Of thy wonders and thy pride?
12. Look, how the seaplants trembling float,
    All like a mermaid's locks,
    Waving in thread of ruby red
    Over those nether rocks.

6. Quum jam luna, velut sol ipse, resurgit ab undis
Augusta, grandis, lucida;
Astraque, lunarum coetūs imitantia, puri
Crystallinum aetheris secant.
7. Et dum flamma superludens mirabilis ambit
Quidquid videtur aequoris,
Indefessa carina suo persulcat aratro
Viam per igneis līquidos.
8. Austrinis ab agris tepidae quàm suaviter aurae,
Oh Auster, enatant tuae!
Succinei tepidae pelagi quàm suaviter undae
Scaphis apricis defluunt!—
9. Proclinate caput celsâ de nave; videte
Spectaculum mirabile;—
Purpureas cauteis imo sub gurgite claras,
Ostroque rutilas arbores.
10. En quoque delphinûm festiva caterva sub undis!
Haec gestiens corallĭnas
Per silvas ludit magicas, quae sole renident
Clarae nec umbris obtegunt.
11. Aspicite et conchas, ut plurima serpit arenis
Pulcerrima in violaceis!
O Mare, quis veteris gremii tua dimidiatim
Miranda decŏra noverit?
12. En, tamquam crines Nereïdis, herba marina
Natat tremore mobili;
Cujus ab infernis subtemina coccina saxis,
Elata, pressa,* fluctuant;

* Pressa for Depressa: so Virgil Georg. 2, 203, Aen. 4, 81.

13. Heaving and sinking, soft and fair,
  Here hyacinth, there green,
With many a stem of golden growth
  And starry flow'rs between.

14. But away! away to upper day;
  For monstrous shapes are here:
Monsters of dark and wallowing bulk
  And horny eyeballs drear.
15. The tusked mouth and the spiny fin,
  Speckled and warted back,
The glittering swift and the flabby slow,
  Ramp through this deep seatrack.
16. Away! away to upper day,
  To glance o'er the breezy brine,
And see the nautilus gladly sail,
  The flying fish leap and shine.

17. But what is that? 'tis land, 'tis land:
  'Tis land; the sailors cry.
Nay: 'tis a long and narrow cloud,
  Betwixt the sea and sky.
18. 'Tis land, 'tis land; they cry once more:
  And now comes breathing on
An odour of the living earth,
  Such as the sea hath none.
19. But now I mark the rising shores,
  The purple hills, the trees;
Ah! what a glorious land is here!
  What happy scenes are these!

13. Mollis quaeque et pulcra, hyacinthina sive colorem
Sit, sive viridis: inter has
Flores stellati sparguntur, et aurea culmi
Contexta fila plurimi.

14. Ast agite O: superas petite auras. Prodigiosa
Nam monstra, nīgranti cute,
Hic revolutantur, deformia, crassa, oculorum
Globis nefanda corneis.
15. Dorsum verrucosa nŏtis, spinosave pinnas,
Serrata denteis osseos,
Quotquot sive corusca vigent, seu flaccida torpent,
Hoc infimum infestant mare.
16. Quare agite O! superum petite äera; respicite aurâ
Alăcria mobili vada,
Piscis ubi exsulitantis ab unda squama coruscat,
Hilarisque cursat nautilus.

17. Illud sed quid enim est? Terra est; "O terra,"
Verbo accinentes, navitae. [reclamant,
"Immo: sed nihil est nisi longa angustaque nubes,
Quae dividat coelum a mari."
18. Sed "Terra" ingeminant iterum: mox spirat in altum
Tanquam salutans hospites,
Qualis odor pelago non gignitur; auraque ab ipsâ
Tellure viva promeans.
19. Purpurei montes, surgentia littora, et ipsae
Passim notantur arbores.
Illic nae regio floret pulcerrima; credo,
Beata sedes incolis.

20. See how the tall palms lift their locks
From mountain clifts! what vales,
Basking beneath the noontide sun,
That high and hotly sails!

21. Yet all about the breezy shore,
Unheedful of the glow,
Look how the children of the South
Are passing to and fro!

22. What noble forms! what fairy place!
Cast anchor in this cove:
Push out the boat: for in this land
A little we must rove.

23. We'll wander on through wood and field:
We'll sit beneath the vine:
We'll drink the limpid cocoa-milk
And pluck the native pine.

24. The breadfruit and cassada root,
And many a glowing berry
Shall be our feast: for here at least
Why should not we be merry?

25. For 'tis a Southern Paradise,
All gladsome; plain and shore:
A land so far, that here we are,
But shall be here no more.

26. We've seen the splendid southern clime,
Its seas and isles and men:
So now, back to a dearer land,
To England back again!

20. Palmarum elatas ex montibus aspice fissis
Sublime proceras comas.
En, qualis, calido sole scandente, renidet
Aprica vallis subjacens!

21. Progenies Austrina tamen, secura calorum
Meridie flagrantium,
Ventoso dispersa maris sub littore longe
Sursum deorsum cursitat.

22. Quales assurgunt! magica est regio ipsa. Magister!
Hôc in sinu jace ancoram!
Quumque locis paulisper in his errare velimus,
Detrudite ocius scapham!

23. Per silvas veteres, per culta vagabimur arva,
Sub vite considebimus.
Lac cocui purum potabimus, atque ananassam
Carpemus ex humo integram.

24. Arboreus panis, rubicundaque plurima bacca,
Radix fărīnŭlentaque,
Suppeditent epulas: hilareis namque esse decebit
Isto sub axe scilicet.

25. Nos velut Elysium hic Australe, ubi littus agerque
Laetantur, ecce! invēnĭmus.
Hìc semel adsisto, nunquam rediturus eòdem:
Tanta est loci longinquitas.—

26. Austrini tractûs pulcerrima vidimus arva,
Hominesque mareque et insulas:
Jamque retro terram, quae dilectissima restat
Nobis, petamus Angliam.

THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE.

1. THERE was plenty in the forest;
   There was plenty on the plain;
   Lusty peasants, noble heroes,
   In the time of Charlemagne:
   Right was right and wrong was evil;
   Truth was never then too plain;
   All the heart came forth in music,
   In the time of Charlemagne.
2. Every man was free to follow
   Bird or wild beast to its den;
   Every man maintained his quarrel
   With the sword and not the pen:
   Manly thoughts and simple habits
   Brought us health, and banished pain:
   We have changed,—(for worse or better?)
   Since the time of Charlemagne.
3. Beauty won her bloom from Nature;
   Wives were constant, maidens true;
   Men were bold, strong, clear, unbending,
   As the brave bright steel they drew;
   None did rise but by his merit;
   None did sell his soul for gain;
   Words did never hide man's meaning,
   In the time of Charlemagne.

[11]

1. LIBERTAS fuit in silvâ, fuit uber in arvo,
Virique fortes strenui,
Regnante magno Cārŏlo.
Veridicâ jus aut injuria voce sonabat.
Pectus cănebat intĕgre,
Regnante magno Carolo.

2. Quisque ad lustra feras immunis sponte premebat.
Lites secabant ensibus,
Pugnare calamis inscii.
Ingenui mores, mens mascula, corpore morbos
Pellebat: anne mortuo
Profecimus quid Carolo?

3. Naturalis erat cunctis flos pulcer in ore:
Castae fuere conjuges,
Fideque certâ virgines,
Tollebat praeclara viros audentia rectâ
Virtute, flexileis minus
Mucrone ferreo suo.
Nemo tunc animum lucro vendebat, et imum
Sensum occulebat pectoris,
Regnante magno Carolo.

4. What a King! He fought and vanquished
Lombard, Saracen, Saxon, still
Ruling every race he conquered
With a deep consummate skill.
Once alone false Fortune checked him,—
Once, on Roncesvalle's plain:
Save that day, all else was cloudless
Through the time of Charlemagne.

5. But—he died! and he was buried
In his tomb of sculptured stone;
And they robed and placed his body
Upright on his golden throne;
With his sword and with the bible
Which through life he did maintain,
All strewn o'er with gems and spices,
Sate the dead King Charlemagne!

6. Since his time, the world is altered;
Yet,—let's hope to see again,
All the sword's old valour, mingled
With the wisdom of the pen:
Till those days shall come, dear Poets,
Let us not perplex our brain;
But, content, love truth and valour
Though in time of Charlemagne.

4. O qualis rex ille fuit, qui Saxŏna pugnans
Devicit, et Mauros truceis,
Latamque Langobardiam.
Ille feros homines devictos arte regebat
Summâ. Fefellit hunc semel
Fortuna, cetera innocens.
Praeterquam Rontes in valle, serena fluebat
Et fausta sors victoriae,
Regnante magno Carolo.

5. Mortuus, in solio augusta cum veste sedebat
Erectus aureo, latens
Saxi in parietibus cavi.
Cum gladio sanctoque lĭbro, quem vivus honore
Tollebat, ibi gemmis lĭtus
Aromatisque permanet.

6. Tempora mutantur: sed nos speremus, ut olim
Ensem videre strenuum,
Cordi sagaci subditum.
Interea, O vates, sincerè et fortiter ausa
Et nunc amemus et prius
Regnante magno Carolo.

SECTION II.

1. Ye mariners of England
   Who guard our native seas,
   Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
   The battle and the breeze;
   Your glorious standard launch again
   To match another foe,
   And sweep through the deep
   While the stormy tempests blow.
   While the battle rages loud and long
   And the stormy tempests blow.
2. The spirits of your fathers
   Shall start from every wave;
   For, the deck, it was their field of fame,
   And ocean was their grave.
   Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
   Your manly hearts shall glow,
   As ye sweep through the deep,
   While the stormy tempests blow,
   While the battle rages loud and long
   And the stormy tempests blow.
3. Britannia needs no bulwark,
   No tow'rs along the steep:
   Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
   Her home is on the deep.

Anapaestic.

[12]

1. ANGLI nautae, qui protegitis
marium littus patriorum;
Queis vexillum, mille per annos,
auras ac proelia durat;
Signi decus hoc alios iterum
promittite compar in hosteis,
Et per pelagus verrite, quanquam
valido flent turbine venti,
Dum pugna furens strepit ac longum
validi cum flamine venti.

2. Vos atavorum magnos maneis
spectabitis aequore in omni,
Quos per nautica praelia claros
gremium maris obtinet ingens.
Ubi decubuit Blăcus ac Nelson,
cor vobis acre flăgrabit
Perverrentibus aequora, quanquam
valido flent turbine venti,
Dum pugna furens strepet ac longum
validi cum flamine venti.

3. Nec castellis nec in abruptâ
muris eget Anglia rupe,
Quae decumanos superincedit
fluctus, habitatque per aequor.

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on her shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

4. The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till Danger's troubled night départ,
And the star of Peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HUNGARIAN HYMN.

1. O MAGYAR, by thy native land
With faithful heart abide!
Thy cradle first, thy grave at last,
It nurs'd thee, and shall hide.

2. For thee the spacious world affords
As home no other spot:
Here must thou live, and here must die;
Be weal or woe thy lot.

3. Upon this soil thy father's blood
Flow'd to redeem thy claims:

Populare* tonans robore querno
maris undas temperat infra,
Obstrepitanteis littoris orae
diro sub turbine venti,
Dum pugna furens strepit ac longum
validi cum flamine venti.
4. Vexilla feris aspera flammis
nunquam non Anglia pandet,
Donec abibit nox dura Metûs
et Pacis stella revertet.
Tunc, tunc pelagi bellatores!
fluet ex epulis celebrantûm
Vestra quotannis nomina carmen
validi post flamina venti,
Ignea postquam pugna resīdet
validique insania venti.

[13]

1. PATRIAE fidus, Măgȳāre! măne:
dedit haec cunabula prima,
Bustumque dabit: quae nutrivit,
gremio te protenus abdet.
2. Alibi nusquam tibi terra domum
spatioso in pectore pandit:
Hìc vivendum 'st, hìc moriendum;
sit sors tua tristis an alma.
3. Super hôcce sŏlo pătrius sanguis
fusus tua jura redemit;

* *Populare tonans*, uttering its country's thunder.

Upon this soil ten centuries
  Engrave immortal names.
4. Here struggled Arpad's gallant troop
  To win our father-land,
And here the yoke of slavery
  Was snapt by Hunyad's hand.
5. Here Freedom's banner, dyed in blood,
  Shone proudly from afar;
Here fell the bravest of our brave
  In long protracted war.
6. Yet, after many a fateful chance
  And dangers wild and grand,
Still lives, diminish'd but uncrush'd,
  A nation in the land.
7. Father of Peoples! mighty World!
  Of thee it claims repose:
Or life or death is fairly earn'd
  By its millennial woes.
8. It cannot be that all in vain
  Have countless tears been shed,
Or vainly for the father-land
  Unnumber'd hearts have bled.
9. It cannot be that strength and wit
  And purpose pure and high,
Crush'd by the weight of endless curse
  Should pine away, and die.
10. There yet will come a better day,—
  Yes, come it will, it must,—

Super hôc anni mille secârunt
nomina nunquam moritura.
4. Huc Arpădii bona turma prius
pătriam nactura mĭgravit;
Hic Hunnyădis diffracta manu
juga servitii cecidêre.
5. Hic procul arsit libertatis
vexillum sanguine clarum,
Semperque novo periit bello
nostrae flos gentis iniquè.
6. Sed post varias vicibus cladeis
et mira pericula rerum,
Mănet hôc in ăgro gens laude minor,
vivit tamen ac viget intus.
7. A te petit haec, Spiritus Orbis!
requiem, Pater O pŏpulorum!
Millennalibus en! aerumnis
aut mors aut vita *meretur.
8. Ne crediderim, frustra lacrimas
numero plureis cecidisse,
Neve ob patriam stillâsse probo
nequicquam corda cruore.
9. Nequeunt vires atque ingenium
praecelsa ac pura petentûm
Oppressa ferâ vi Dirarum
tabescere, mox moritura.
10. Etiam veniet melius seclum,—
veniet cum numine fati;

* Passive.

For which the pray'rs of myriad lips
  Aspire in fervent trust.
11. Else, come there shall, if come it must,
  An ever-glorious doom,
Where a whole nation greatly sinks
  In a blood-hallow'd tomb.
12. Then crowding round that nation's grave
  The peoples all shall stand,
And millions consecrate the tear
  To bless the *martyr*-land.
13. O Magyar, to thy country act
  A firm and faithful part!
She gives thee strength; and if thou fall,
  She hides thee in her heart.

ODE ON AN AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATION.

1. FAR back in the ages
  The plough with wreaths was crown'd:
The hands of kings and sages
  Entwin'd the chaplet round;
Till men of spoil Disdain'd the toil
  By which the world was nourish'd,
And dews of blood enrich'd the soil
  Where green their laurels flourish'd.
Now the world her fault repairs,
  The guilt that stains her story;
And weeps her crimes amid the cares
  That form'd her earliest glory.

Pro quo e multis fervida millibus
assurgunt vota piorum.
11. Sin fata jubent, veniat sane
clades semper memoranda,
Ut tota cubet gens auguste,
sancti scrobe mersa cruoris.
12. Scrobe tunc illâ super astabunt
populi denso agmine cuncti,
*Promacho*que* suo lăcrimas grati
castas sine fine săcrabunt.
13. Pătriae fidus, Magȳāre! mane:
tibi vireis illa ministrat;
Et quum vitâ deficieris,
deinceps te corde recondet.

[14]

1. INTER genteis procul antiquas
mănibus regum ac sapientûm,
Propter honorem, florum sertis
obvolvebatur aratrum.
Mox temnebant spoliatores
operam altricem atque benignam;
Quorum sicubi laurūs vigeant,
humus undat rore cruento.
Sed praeteritae sceleris maculae
nostrum jam poenitet orbem,
Interque operas olim claras
sua flens peccata resarcit.

* *Promachus*, Gr. champion.

2. The proud throne shall crumble,
   The diadem shall wane;
The tribes of earth shall humble
   The pride of those who reign,
And war shall lay His pomp away.
   The fame that heroes cherish,
The glory earn'd in deadly fray
   Shall fade, decay, and perish.
Honour waits o'er all the earth
   Through endless generations
The art that calls her harvests forth
   And feeds the expectant nations.

ERIN'S DAYS OF OLD.

1. LET Erin remember the days of old,
   Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
   Which he won from the proud invader.
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
   Led the *Red Branch** knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
   Was set in the crown of a stranger.

* *Curaidhe na Craiobhe Ruadh*

2. Ruet imperii sella: peribit
regum diadema superbum:
Violenta virûm stirps dominatrix
cultori cedet honesto:
Bellisque mălo decŏre exutis,
rixâ quaesita malignâ
Laus, quam sitiunt bellatores,
senio marcente peribit.
Sed in aeternum, quà terra patet,
decus hanc comitabitur artem,
Segetes gravidas elicientem,
pŏpulorum pabula late.

[15]

1. Tempus Ierne revocet veterum,
Prava priusquam sua progenies
Infidè proderet ipsam:
Quum colli decus aurea torquis,
Derepta superbo invasori,
Malachaeum laudibus auxit;
Regesque sui, viridi elato
Panno, miniâ fronde *Quirites
Ducebant per fera bella;
Necdum regia nostra maragdus
Maris Hesperii gemma refulsit
Tempora circum peregrini.

* The Irish *Curaidhe* (knights) seems to me etymologically identical with the Sabine *Quirites;* from *Quiris* a spear: Irish, *Coir*, a spear.

2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.
Thus shall Memory often in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,

2. *Neiāte* lacu, dum frigidulâ
Sudus in aurâ refŭgit Vesper,
Piscator si quis oberrat
Littora praeter, vada perspiciens,
Videt antiquas Teretes Turreis
Lucenteis aequore subter.
Saepe ita, moeste penitus meditans
Res sublimeis, mens praeteritos
Strictim aspexit memor annos :
Mox dispiciens suspiravit,
Siquid veteris marcens decŏris
Tegat infra temporis unda.

[16]

1. Lindĕnĕ quum sol super occideret,
Necdum pede nix nec sanguine tincta
Alba manebat, fluctuquĕ Isĕris
Nīgrans hiemale ruebat.
2. Alia at ruris patuit facies
Lindĕnĕ, quando tympana noctu
Pulsata jubent atra locorum
Mortis lustrarier igni ;
3. Pārensque tubae, citŏ sub face quisque
Eques instructus gladium stringit,
Dum fremebundus praegestit equus
Diro exsultare tumultu.
4. Jam conquassat tonĭtrus colleis,
Jamque instat equi concĭtus ardor,

And louder than the bolts of heav'n
  Far flash'd the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave.
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry.
8. Few, few shall part, where many meet:
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

SAILOR'S SONG.

1. While clouds on high are riding
The wintry moonshine hiding,
The raging blast abiding
  O'er mountain waves we go.
With hind the dry land reaping,
With townsman shelter keeping,
With lord on soft down sleeping
  Change we our lot? Oh no!

Procul et caeli fulmine majus
  Strepitant rŭbra fulgura belli.
5. At,-at,-rūbrior his super arcibus
Illa flăgrabit nive sanguineâ
Lux tincta ; ruetquĕ Isĕris porro
  Veloce cruentior undâ.
6. Luciscit ; necdum ille humilis sol
Lurida Martis penetrat nubila,
Vis ubi Franci atque impetus Hunni
  Tecti sub sulfure clangunt.
7. Acrius ardent. Ite O prorsum,
Quotquot decus e morte oppetitis.
Mŏnăchi ! heus ! tua signa agita, jacta :
  Si quid potes, irrue fortis.
8. Multi cöeunt, pauci excedent :
Plures lodix nivis obvolvet
Quà pes graditur cunque, sub omni
  Requiescet cespite miles.

[17]

1. Nos, dum nebulae jubar hibernum
Lunae abdentes equitant sūpra,
Furias inter venti, fluctus
  Exsuperamus decumanos.
Num cum messore arva per arida,
Cum bene tecto pŏpulo urbano,
Cum rege cubante lĕvi in plumâ
  Sortem mutabimus ? immo,

2. On stormy waves careering,
Each seamate seamate cheering,
With dauntless helmsman steering
Our forthward course we hold.
Their sails with sunbeams whiten'd
Themselves with glory brighten'd,
From care their bosoms lighten'd,
Who shall return? The bold.

THE SEA SONG OF GAFRAN.

1. WATCH ye well! the moon is shrouded
On her bright throne.
Storms are gathering: stars are clouded:
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearthfires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;
But of winds, in darkness blowing
O'er seas unknown.

2. In the dwellings of our fathers
Round the glad blaze
Now the festive circle gathers
With harps and lays.
Now the the rushstrewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing:
Ay, the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy or praise,

2. Nos super undis perque procellas
Socii frēti sociis, hilares
En ! progredimur, navem impavido
Rectà moderante magistro.
Quando in vēlis jubar albescet
Sōlĭs, quis tum laude refulgens,
Positis curis, corde redibit
Laetato ? quis, nisi fortis ?

[18]

1. VIGILATE, viri ! sidera nusquam :
Lunae solium
Nubila clarum glomerata premunt,
Ululantque minaciter undae.
Hâc nocte neque hìc lar rubet igni,
Nec carmen ovat, calicesve mero
Spumant : venti sed tenĕbrosi
Flant ignotum super aequor.

2. Quà flăgrat ignis pătriis hilaris
Domibus nostris,
Nunc cum citharâ cöit et cantu
Noctis festiva corona.
Nunc stratâ tĕgĕs insonat aulâ,
Pulsă chorēis : recinit vates :
Scilicet illis hora quietem,
Laudem vel gaudia portat.

3. Save to *us*, our night-watch keeping
   Storm-winds to brave,
   While the very sea-bird sleeping
   Rests in its cave.
   Think of us, when hearths are gleaming;
   Think of us, when mead is streaming;
   Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
   On the dark wave.

TURKISH SUNSET.

1. WARM o'er the waters the red sun is glowing:
   'Tis the last parting glance of his splendour and might:
   While each rippling wave on the bright shore is throwing
   Its white crest, that breaks into showers of light.

2. Each distant mosque and minaret
   Is shining in the setting sun,
   Whose farewell look is brighter yet
   Than that with which his course begun.

3. On the dark blue mountains his smile is bright:
   It glows on the orange-grove's waving height,
   And breaks through its shade in long lanes of light.

4. No sound on the earth and no sound in the sky,
   Save murmuring fountains that sparkle nigh,
   And the rustling flight of the evening breeze,
   Who steals from his nest in the cypress trees,

* *Scapus*, shaft (of a pillar), here used for Minaret.

3. Nos sed noctu dira procellae
Pervigilamus,
Quando in latĕbris accola fluctûs
Avis ipsa suis requiescit.
Nostri sitis, nostri, memores,
Splendente foco, plenâ paterâ,
Vos, O de quibus aequore in atro
Nostrum cor somniat aegrum.

[19]

1. Summas per aquas roseo fervet
Splendore suo sol extremo,
Cum majestate recedens.
Maris in littus niveâ cristam
Spumâ tremulae jaciunt undae,
Diffractâ luce pluentem.
2. Săcra quaeque aedes et quisque procul
Scăpus* occiduo sole coruscat,
Cujus radians semper vultus
Degredientis clarior ardet
Quàm cursūs occipientis.
3. In purpureis montibus haeret
Blandè arridens; quàque aurantia
Culmine surgit crebra undanti,
Linea lucis plurima longae
Teretes intermicat umbras.
4. Nihil in terrâ, nihil e caelo
Sonitûs oritur, nisi quem fontes
Clari referunt, crepitansque aurae
Fuga vespernae, quae cyparissis

*And** a thousand dewy odours fling,
As he shakes their white bud from his gossamer-wing.

THE MINSTREL'S LAST WISH.

O CALEDONIA! stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Shall e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what has been;
Seems as to me of all bereft
Sole friends thy streams and woods are left.
And thus I love them better still
Ev'n in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head on Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting-groan.

* "*Which* a thousand, &c."?

Nido delabitur alto,
Tenuique suâ discutit alâ
Germina candida, mille remittens
Fragranteis roris odores.

[20]

O FERA mater, torva Cālēdon!
Pueri nutrix vatis idonea,
Silvis hispida, gramine fusco,
Turgida montibus ac fluminibus,
Terra meorum dilecta pătrum!
Numqua resolvet vis mortalis
Pia vincla, tuam queis salĕbrosam
Constringor semper ad oram?
Loca prospectans nōtă; quod est nunc,
Quodque ante fuit, meditans; videor
Nil nisi flumina silvasque tuas
Carum retinere, omnibus orbus.
Quantoque premor gravius, tanto haec
Magis amplector. Propter Iarri
Pervager undas usque, tametsi
Mihi nemo pedem dirigat aegrum.
Usque Ettricii praecipitantia
Flamina captem,
Licet haec algens gena marcescat.
Usque reponam Teviote meum
Caput in cippo, quanquam ibi solus,
Memorem fallens hominum mentem,
Vates peream gemebundus.

THE OLD GRAY THRUSH.

1. Of all the birds of tuneful note,
   That warble o'er field or flood,
   O give me the thrush with the speckled throat
   The king of the ringing wood.

2. For he sits upon the topmost twig,
   To carol forth his glee,
   And none can dance a merrier jig,
   Or laugh more loud than he.

A. So the thrush, the thrush, the old gray thrush,
   A merry blithe old boy is he;
   You may hear him on the roadside bush
   Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

3. Ere Spring, arrayed in robes of green,
   Bids beautiful flow'rets start,
   He cheereth up dull December's scene,
   With a song from his gushing heart.

4. But sweeter far are his notes to me,
   When, piping to the morn,
   He woos the bright sun o'er the lea
   With a flourish of his horn.

A. So the thrush, &c.

[21]

1. MEUS, ex avibus, quotquot per ăgros
Aut in flumina voce vĭbranti
Resonant, turdus sit, maculoso
Fulgens jugulo,
Silvae rex obstrepitantis.

2. Namque ille, sedens summo in palmite,
Gaudium in audax amat effundi;
Nec quisquam alăcri melius saltu
Certat, vel ovans
Quatitur majore cachinno.

A. Vetus ille mihī ravâ turdus
Fulgens plumâ,
Quasi verna *jocare hilaris gestit:
Cujus resonat vox ex dumo
Juxtaque vias; sive in montibus,
E virgis arboris altæ.

3. Aura priusquam Verĭs jubeat
Viridis florum germina pandi,
Cantûs scatĕbris hicce Decembris
Rigidas horas
Ex imo pectore mulcet.

4. Suavius at mihi, mānĕ recenti
Quod carminibus pipilat altis;
Clangente tubâ quando invitat
Solem augustum
Latis splendescere campis.

A. Vetus ille, &c.

* In prose, Jocor,-āri. Plautus has the older form, Joco,-āre.

5. To come with the balmy breath of spring,
   And chaunt to the orient beam,
   To hop on his favourite bough, and sing,
   When rich ruby sunsets gleam;

   To feed his love in her moss-built nest,
   To rear us a singing brood,
   And fire with song the poet's breast,
   He haunteth the green-roof'd wood.

A. Oh the thrush, &c.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

1. THE humming-bird, the humming-bird!
   So fairy-like and bright,
   It lives among the sunny flow'rs
   A creature of delight.

2. In the radiant islands of the East,
   Where fragrant spices grow,
   A thousand thousand humming-birds
   Go glancing to and fro.

3. Like living fires they flit about,
   Scarce larger than a bee,
   Among the broad palmetto leaves,
   And through the fan-palm tree.

5. Ut, cum tepido Verĭs flatu
Veniens, ortum jubar acclamet;
Subque occiduo sole rubenti,
Frondem in nōtam
Volitans obliqua, recantet;
6. Ut, sub musco conjuge fotâ,
Prole canorâ nos exhilaret,
Vatisque acuat carmine pectus;
Propterea, aio,
Cameras petit ille virenteis.
A. Vetus ille, &c.

[22]

1. Flores fulgens inter ăpricos
Avicula vivit Bombilans,
Scilicet hortis divula quaedam
Ut nata gaudio mero.

2. Ubĭcumque Oriens fundit odores,
Claras per insulas, suos,
Hàc atque illàc mille coruscae
Millies aviculae bombilant.

3. Vivus ut ignis, vix ape grandior,
Oberrat haec alâ lĕvi,
Ingente super Coryphâ, et palmae
Per lata folia nanulae.

4. And in these wild and verdant woods,
   Where stately *moras* tow'r,
   Where hangs from branching tree to tree
   The scarlet passion-flow'r;

5. Where on the mighty river-banks,
   La Plate or Amazon,
   The cayman, like an old tree-trunk,
   Lies basking in the sun;

6. There builds her nest the humming-bird
   Within the ancient wood,
   Her nest, of silky cotton-down;
   And rears her tiny brood.

7. She hangs it to a slender twig,
   Where waves it light and free,
   As the Campanero tolls his song,
   And rocks the mighty tree.

8. All crimson is her shining breast,
   Like to the red red rose;
   Her wing is the changeful green and blue
   That the neck of the peacock shows.

9. Thou happy happy humming-bird!
   No winter round thee lours:
   Thou never saw'st a leafless tree
   Nor land without sweet flow'rs.

4. Ubĭ luxurians nemore in viridi
Praecelsa prominet *mŏrus* ;
Ubĭ ramosis ex arboribus
Suspensa *clēmatis* rubet ;

5. Sive ingentis fluvii in ripis,
Laplātis aut Amazŏnis,
Crocodilus ubī, vetus ut stipes,
Membris ăpricans sternitur ;

6. Ibĭ, sub veteris latĕbrâ silvae,
Ex sericâ lanugine
Nido posito, teneram prolem,
Avicula bombilans ! alis.

7. Nidum a virgâ suspendis, ubĭ
Līber lĕvisque fluctuet,
Dum tinnuncula carmine plangit
Grandemque quassat arborem.

8. Sed tibi cocco nitidum 'st pectus,
Instar rosae ruberrimae,
Alaque collum pāvonis ŭti,
Quod viride miscet coerulo.

9. Tu neque brumae pressa es frigore,
Beata avicula bombilans !
Neque vidisti sine flore sŏlum,
Nudamve foliis arborem ;

10. A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given :
Thy food the honey from the flow'r,
Thy drink the dew from heav'n.

11. How glad the heart of Eve would be
In Eden's glorious bow'rs,
To see the first first humming-bird
Among the first spring flow'rs,

12. Among the rainbow-butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone,
One moment glancing on her sight,
Another moment gone !

13. Thou little shining creature !
God sav'd thee from the flood,
With the eagle of the mountain-land
And the tiger of the wood.

14. Who car'd to save the elephant,
He also car'd for thee,
And gave those broad lands for thy home
Where grows the cedar-tree.

10. Tibi laetitiae regnum aestivae
Ad vitam agendam proditur :
Tu caelestem potas rorem :
Tu melle florum vescĕris.

11. Dio in horto quàm gaudebat
Primigena mulier, conspicans,
Primo ut verĭs flori insīdĕret
Avicula prima bombilans,

12. Modo collucens, modo vanescens ;
Immixta pāpĭlĭōnibus,
Arcu pluvio nondum genito,
Arcûs nitore perlĭtis.

13. Ex diluvio conservavit,
Fulgens colore parvula !
Te, simul aquilâ cum montanâ
Et tĭgride silvestri, Deus.

14. Elephantum qui voluit salvum,
Respexit īdem te quŏque ;
Et ăgros, e queis cĕdrus assurgit,
Pro latifundiis dedit.

SECTION III.

THE WOUND OF IRELAND.

1. As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.
2. One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting;
3. Oh, this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray.
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain:
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE DEATH ANGEL.

1. How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth.

(*Choriambic*).

[23]

1. UT lustrare jubar *summa potest aquae,
Ima etsi gelidas sub tenebras ruant;
Sic, risus calidis dum rubet in genis,
Caecum cor penitus frigore diffluit.
2. Unus sub memori mente reconditus†
Umbrat laeta simul moestaque ătrox dolor,
Algens; quem nihil aut dirius asperet
Vitae per reliqua, aut mitiget almius.
3. Hic, hic deliciis lentus adest comes:
Clarâ aestate velut marcida si calet
Frons, sōlĭs radiis fota flăgrantibus,
Nequicquam niteat: non reviret decor.

[24]

1. FATALIS quoties vox Furiae strepens
Audita est! quoties compedis annulos
Fregit Mors fera, quos Gloria nexuit
Claros, seu teneros Amor!
Forti cuique quies sit bona mortuo;
Fidum quemque oculum fletus alat tener:

* Summa, *acc. neut. pl.*

† This line is borrowed from a translation by Mr. N. L. Torre.

Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

2. We're fall'n upon gloomy days :
Star after star decays.
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

3. Oh, quench'd are our beacon-lights !
Thou, of the hundred fights !
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace and freedom hung !
Both mute : but long as Valour shineth,
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

1. O TELL me, harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desart of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody ?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy ?

Floret cum nitidâ virgine vir diu,
  Quà vir strenuus occubat.
2. Atris nos tenĕbris excipiunt dies :
Stellae lux alii post aliam perit,
Et jam cuncta, quibus pātria lucidum
  Fulsit, nomina defluunt.
Si qui amissa dolent gaudia, vel suas
Spes nunquam redŭces, luridus hos premit
Ægror : sed lăcrimis splendor inest tepens
  Heroïs ferĕtro super.
3. Ah ! exstincta cadunt lumina nostra ; Tu,
Centum qui suberas proelia ; Tuque item,
Cui linguâ ex calidâ pax bona, veritas,
  Libertasque pependerat.
Obmutescit uterque : ast animosa vis
Dum claret, bonitasque arma vetat gemens,
Ierne memorans, quàm steterint probi
  Vitâ ac morte, superbiet.

[25]

1. Dic, quaeso, fidicen ! cur tibi defluit
Cantus tristitiâ saevitiâque ătrox
Glencōvis penitus per loca vasta, ubi
  Nemo percipiat melos ?
Num pulsas nebulis äeriis fides ?
An russis rapidè praetereuntibus
Cervis ? anne aquilae, quae procul aspere
  Respondet numeris tuis ?—

2. No, not to these; for they have rest.
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the *erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

3. Their flag was furl'd and mute their drum:
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside
To tend her kindly housewifery.

4. The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

5. Then woman's shriek was heard in vain;
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.

* Bewick calls the Sea Eagle, *the Great Erne.*

2. Immo : perfugium queis mănet, haud cano.
Montano nebula in vertice praesidet :
Cervum lustra vocant atque aquilam sua,
Sōlĭtaria tutaque.
Illos ast, ego quos carmine lugeo,
Non silvae feritas canave montis arx,
Non imum hoc caveae, quod cohibet diem,
Saevis eripuit dolis.

3. Vexillis positis, destiterant soni
Martis : conticuere hospitibus canes
Ipsi ; siquis inops hospitium petat,
Sueti parcere vocibus.
Tibicen numeris laetior exstrepit,
Virgo caesariem praenitidam ligat,
Curas occipiens alma domesticas
Uxor deposuit colum.

4. At quae se dapibus miscuerat manus,
Ferro nocte mĭcat dira nefario,
Reddens hospitii praemia pectori
Mansueto domini casae.
Solans igne focus, quo caluit manus
Illa, īdem rutilam nocte dedit facem,
Flammas horribileis exitio jubens
Latè serpere subdolo.

5. Auditur strepitans femineus pavor
Frustra ; nec gemitus magnanimi viri
Vagitusve tener jam rabiem feram
Obtruncantibus impedit.

The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that choked the hill,
Rough, wild and pitiless, had still
  Far more than Southron clemency.

6. Long have my harp's best notes been gone;
Few are its strings and faint their tone:
They can but sound in desart lone
  Their gray-hair'd master's misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring
  "Revenge for blood and treachery."

A LADY MORALISING.

1. THE rain is falling; the wind is loud;
The morning is hiding behind a cloud;
The stars are scattered by dawn of day,
But where is my lover? Afar—away!

2. The east is brighter; the wind is still:
The sun is rising beyond the hill.
It cometh—it shineth; the dawn of day;
And the step of my lover—? it comes this way.

3. Ah, the sky—it changeth, the rain—the sun;
As the hope that we cherish is lost or won.
What care for the shadows, if hearts be gay?
What use in the summer, if friends decay?

Rauce vociferans aura hiemis, nives
Illâ nocte vias quae rigidae ac truces
Opplevere, tamen pectore Saxonas
Vincebant tenero nimis.

6. Pridem mî citharae gratia deperit:
Paucis ex fidibus languidior sonat,
Quae per vasta queant canitiem sui
Saevam collăcrimare heri.
Si de quôque foret crine meo fĭdis,
Diras quisque preces mitteret, usque dum
"Poenas barbariae" Scotia "perfidae"
Experrecta reclangeret.

[26]

1. DESTILLANT pluviae; ventus ătrox strepit;
Matutina latet, nubila pone, lux.
Lucescente die diffugiunt rĕtro
Stellae: sed meus ille ubi?
Anne meus procul est amator?

2. Clarescĭt Oriens, aura quieta flat:
Sol insurgit, adhuc colle reconditus.
Jamque aurora redit; fulgor adest die:
Huc, huc, ille meus, meus,
Progreditur pede jam fideli.

3. Heu, coelum variat: spes ut abit—vĕnit—
Sic sol et pluviae praetereunt—mănent.
Salvis quos adamo, quid mihi obest hiems?
Æstas pulcra nihil valet,
Si mihi dispereunt amati.

4. The bloom of the seasons will come, will fly;
And the heavens will alter, we know not why;
But the mind that we temper is our domain;
And the truth of the Spirit should conquer pain.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white:
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem fram'd of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go,—but go alone the while,—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

4. Anni luxuries advĕnit—avolat:
Coeli temperies vertitur insciis
Causarum: tamen est imperio mihi
Mens regnanda: animo mănet
Ingenuo superandus aegror.

[27]

PULCRAM Melbrŏsiam probè
Si spectare vĕlis, sub jubare albido
Lunae visere eam decet:
Nam nudans radiis aureolis dies
Cānas fulgidus aedium
Fractarum veneres opprobrio premit.
Sed noctu loca permeans
Lux incerta pluit frigida desuper;
Nigrant fragmina fornicum,
Et virgata fenestra albicat enĭtens.
Mox fulcimina moenium
Alterna aspicias aut ebenum aut ebur,
Turri astantia maximae
Diffractae: tenui et margine continet
Lux argentea saxeas
Ambageis vario, scriptaque quae docent
Rectè vivere seu mori.
Si demente procul Tueda sono furat,
Et bustis ululet super
Bubo; visere tunc te jubeo sacri
Moles Dāvĭdis inclutas,
Sōlum: tuque redux testis eris mihi
(Juratusque quidem) prius
Tam pulcrè tenĕrè triste fuisse nil.

MIDHOUR OF NIGHT.

I.

At the midhour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life was warm in thine eye.
And I think, that if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, ev'n in the sky.

II.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices commingling breath'd like one on the ear.
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

CHAMOUNI.

Scenes long unknown to stranger sight,
Make all thy vales, romantic Chamouni,
A wonder and delight.
The goatherd and the shepherd and their flocks
Pasturing the crags around;

[28]

NOCTEM sub mediam, obsequens
Stellis moestificis, en! ad ăgros volō
Solos, quos adamavimus
Tum, quum vita oculis incaluit tuis.
Nam si evadere desuper
Possent huc animae, sique reviserent
Notos deliciis locos;
Illuc tu quoque me, crediderim, petes,
Demonstrare volens, mei
Inter caelicolas te memorem tamen.
2. Mox voce indomitâ căno,
Quae quondam, nimio percĭta gaudio,
Uno ex ore velut, simul
Spirabamus ibi carmine mutuo.
Et dum rura procul meas
Responsante preces votaque tristia
Volvunt murmure; Te, meae!
Credo, deliciae; sedibus ex piis
Voce agnoscere languidâ
Carmen, quod fuerat dulce tibi prius.

[29]

OB spectacula, quae diu
Externorum oculis abdita, Chāmŏni!
Stabant,—cunctus ager tuus
Mirandis hominum deliciis scatet.
En hìc cum gregibus dŭces,
Capris sive ovibus, quae scopulos prope
Pascuntur; gremio casae
Saxorum implicitae, cum viridis sŏli

And, bosom'd mid the ranges of the rocks,
Cots with their green enclosures; and clear rills
Wandering with pleasant sound:
Groves grac'd with fruit, and fields of golden grain,
That supplicate the sun,
In the brief circle of his summer reign
To stay the glacier; where, with all his force,
Winter, embodying in one mass the snows,
Brood of a thousand years,
Slow, silent, imperceptible on course,
Heaves the ice-lava and uproots the earth,
Forest and field, and all their blissful birth,
Inheritance of ages. Other part,
Prone torrents on the äerial precipice
Chain'd in their fall; and mountains, height on height,
Alp pil'd on Alp, belting the central isle,
The emerald gem, set in eternal ice,
Where summer flow'rs mid frozen oceans smile:
And, eminent o'er all thy range and rise,
Mont Blanc! sun-diadem'd with purple glow,
When all is night below.

* Solem orant refrænare, i.e. ut refrænet, is justified by Virgil Ecl. 2, 43, Thestylis abducere orat, for, ut liceat sibi abducere.

Septis; et pede tinnuli
Rivi clarivago; tum nemora auctuum
Spe fulgentia mitium;
Et spicae segetum, quas creat aureas
Æstas. Hae prece supplices
Solem orare volunt, per calidos dies
Rĕgnantem breviter, gelu
Refraenare* fluens. Quippe suas Hiems
Vi moleis nivium ferâ,
Annorum sobolem mille, recolligens,—
Cursu tarda silens diu
Fallenti,—glaciem, ceu domitam ignibus
Ætnae materiem, ruit,
Abraditque simul prata, nemus, sŏlum,
Et quidquid sibi vindicat
Illinc longa dies, cui dominae omnia
Nascuntur bona pulcraque.
Rivi parte aliâ praecipites supra
Vinclo frigoris horrido
Dependent rigidi; vastaque montium
Moles altior altior,
Alpes Alpe super; quique maragdeam
Succingunt mediam insulam,
Gemmam perpetuo compositam gelu
Naturae artificis manu;
Quippe æstivus ubī flos nitet obsitus
Praeduro, nivibus, mari.
Excelsisque aliis qui superemines
Cunctis, Candide Mons! jŭgis,
Ferves purpureo cum diademate
Solĭs numine percîtus,
Infra quum tenĕbris omnia nox tegit.

[30] PSALM 19.

I.

COELUM concelebrat Dei
Numen, cujus opus praenitet aethere.
Fatur verba dies die,
Et noctem remonet nox sapientiae.
Harum vox tacita, omnium
Per genteis hominum consonat impareis,
Sub quâcunque colant plăgâ,
Terras Oceanus quà lavat ultimas.
Hìc Sōli Deus inclitas
Ædeis constituit, qui nitidum caput
Effert, sponsus uti novus,
Exsultans spatiis cursor in arduis.
Terrarum loca fervidis
Collustrans radiis, torquet agens iter
Longinquum penitus retro;
Nec quidquam latitans vim fŭgit illĭus.

II.

Quam lēgem posuit veridicam Deus,
Lapsos restituit, perdocet imbuens
Menteis sancta rudeis, pectora rēcreat,
Purâ luce oculos beat.
Durat perpetuo rectus honor Dei:
Verax judicium est, aequa jubens, Dei:

Auro quod potius quis rutilo aestimet,
  Melle et dulcius e favo.
Illius monitis sedulus obsequens,
Servus lauta tuus praemia colligit.
Fraudeis quis proprias noverit ? ah, mihi
  Labeis deme reconditas.
Motu ne cupĭdo neve superbiâ
Vecordi famulus corripiar tuus ;
Sed per te, properum quidquid alit scelus,
  Vitem purus et integer.
Sic quae verba foras ore profabor, et
Intus quidquid agam corde, probabitur,
O Supreme, tibi ; *qui mihi Vis et Arx,
  Propugnator et Ultor es.*

[31] PSALM 23.

  PASTOR ipse mihi Deus,
Nil mî deficiet : per virideis agros
  Hic me ducit, ubī lătus
Lentas propter aquas projiciam meum.
  Si langueverit intimi
Cordis robur, at hic, quidquid erit mălum,
  Purgat leniter, ad vias
Sanctas me rĕtrahens ipsĭus in fide.
  Quanquam per tenĕbras ego
Solus progredior, valle sub asperâ

* *Or by a milder interpretation* : qui validâ meum
Asservas animum manu.

Mortis, nil metuam mĕli :
Hujus nam baculus me fovet ac pedum.
Tu coram rabie hosticâ
Mensam mi reparas, atque oleo caput
Ungis ; tu mihĭ poculum
Supra labra bonis deliciis rĕples.
Sane, quotquot erunt dies,
Vivum cura Dei me comitabitur
Clemens : cujus in atriis
Gratam perpetuo constituam domum.

[32] PSALM 42.

Sicco ut captat anhelitu
Cervus flumen aquae, sic animus meus
Te desiderat, O Deus !
Vitalem* sitiens arida quaerito
Per deserta Deum : Deum
Ecquando obtuitu simplice perlegam ?
Noctu perque dies meris
Jam vescor lăcrimis, dum rogitant, " meus
Quò decesserit Arbiter."
Mecum si repeto talia, protinus
Cor effunditur intime.
Quondam namque alăcri cum pŏpulo, die
Festâ, laetus in atriis
Sanctis astiteram, concelĕbrans piâ
Gratus voce Deum, Deum.
O cor ! tu quid enim te pavide geris ?

* As, Vitalis aura.

Quis te sollicitat timor ?
Spes innixa Deo sit tibi in Unico :
Posthac aspiciens Deum
Firmabor : mea tum vox cita profluet
Sanctam vim venerans memor.

Eheu ! spes animi concidit, O Deus !
Sed cur, mi Deus ? ecce enim
Te commentor aquas propter Iordănis,
Te sub vallibus Hermŏnum,
Te supra Mĭsăris colle fideliter :
Quanquam sub fremitu tuo
In me surgit atrox imbribus aestuans
Gurges gurgite concitus.
At tu mānĕ tuam blandus opem dabis,
Jamque et nocte căno tibi,
Vitalis repetens alloquium Dei.
ARCEM nunc equidem meam
Compello dubiâ cum prece, Ni mei
Forte oblĭtus es, O Deus,
Quare saevitiâ perprimor hostium ?
Quorum vox, gladius velut
Scindens ossa, vĕnit laeta prŏbro, "meus
Num discesserit Arbiter."—
O cor, tu quid enim te pavidò geris ?
Quis te sollicitat timor ?
Spes innixa Deo sit tibi in Unico.
Illum laude colam novâ
Posthac, lucem oculis atque mihi Deum.

VENICE BY NIGHT.

1. NIGHT in her dark array | steals o'er the ocean,
And with departed day | hush'd seems its motion.
Slowly o'er yon blue coast | onward she's treading,
Till its dark line is lost | neath her veil spreading.
The bark on the rippling deep | hath found a pillow,
And the pale moonbeams sleep | on the green billow.
2. Bound by her emerald zone | Venice is lying,
And round her marble crown | night winds are sighing
From the high lattice now | bright eyes are gleaming,
That seem on night's dark brow | brighter stars beaming.
3. Now o'er the blue lagoon | light barks are dancing,
And neath the silver moon | swift oars are glancing.
Strains from the mandolin | steal o'er the water:
Echo replies between | to mirth and laughter.
O'er the wave seen afar | brilliantly shining,
Gleams like a fallen star | Venice reclining.

THE STORMY PETREL.

1. A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered about like weeds;
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack; and hearts of stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

[33]

1. JAM Nox oceanum suo | furtim obvolvit amictu
Nigro, languidius die | decedente fluentem.
Tardo progreditur pede, | collium procul orae,
Quae nunc caerula prominet, | obductura tenēbras :
Atque undâ viridi maris | lux quà pallida lunae
Dormit in tremulâ, | sopor vel navem suus urget.
2. En cubat Veneta urbs, marag|do succincta; sed olli
Circa marmoreum caput | noctis ingemit aura.
Ex altis oculi micant | transennis radiantes,
Clariora quasi astra fronte | in noctis tenebrosâ.
3. Nunc in caeruleâ lŏvis | saltat cymba palude,
Et remi celeres sub ar|genteâ luce coruscant.
Illabuntur aquâ soni | de testudine dulces;
Retro laetitiae jocisque | interclamitat Echo.
Talis visa procul suo in | fluctu clara recumbens,
Terris urbs Veneta annitet, | delapsum velut astrum.

[34]

1. Terrâ millia mille nos | disjungit mare magnum,
Cujus in strepitu truci | resultantibus undis
Volutamur, ŭti nives | colludente procellâ.
Vela dissiliunt fero, | tanquam stramina, vento;
Mālorumque, ut arundinum, | vis robusta vĭbratur.
Ancoralia maxima | ferreaeque catenae,
Et, robur supereminens, | compago trabis imae
Laborat, crepitat, gemit: | tandem et saxea vireis
Suas corda renunciant, | vi devicta, superbas.

2. Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy Petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young and to teach them spring
At once o'er the wave on their stormy wing!
3. O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep.
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
—Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet he ne'er faulters:—So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

"BELIEVE, IF YOU CAN."

1. Hope cannot cheat us or fancy betray,
Tempests ne'er scatter the blossoms of May;
The wild winds are constant by method and plan.
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can!
2. Young Love, who shows us his midsummer light,
Spreads the same halo o'er winter's dark night:

2. Elati citŏ mergimur, | depressique lĕvamur
Ex imo penitus mari | cristas rursus ad ipsas.
At quà plurima in äere | spumae pluma coruscat,
Domum constituit suam | Procellarius ales.
Si forsan domus illĭus | non stulte memoretur,
Qui salsum sibi deligit | pro Penatibus aequor
Udum, seu glacie rigens, | coeli et arva gelati.
Qui saxi latĕbras sui | tunc demum petit almas,
Pullos ut foveat pie | caros, edoceatque
Persultare procelleâ | pennâ desuper undas.
3. Vastos per maris Arctici | campos, quà gladiator
Vel squalus viget impiger, | vel balaena quiescit;
Illic, praepetior volans | imbre ac flamine venti,
Nunciata rĕfert sua | procellarius augur,
Ingratîs: volŭcreis enim | culpat nauta sinistras,
Quae longinqua monent viris | impendēre pericla.
Sic et, seu bona nunciet | verē, seu măla narret
Vates, invidiam capit | vulgo, pro benefactis.
Perstat hic tamen. Atque tu, | Procellarie Merge!
Ālīs usque procellëis | Irruas super undâ.

[35]

1. Te nec spes vaga fallet, | Nec te somnia mentis
Prodent; discutietve vis | venti germina Maia.
Flabrorum ratio viâ | constat certa ferorum.
Crede mihī, crede mihī, si modŏ possis.
2. Qualis splendor Amoris | Summâ aestate tenelli
Lucet, usque hiemes item | durat per tenĕbrosas.

And Fame never dazzles to lure and trepan.
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can!

3. Friends of the sunshine endure in the storm:
Never they promise and fail to perform;
And the night ever ends as the morning began:
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can!

4. Words softly spoken, no guile ever bore:
Peaches ne'er harbour a worm at the core;
And the ground never slipt under high-reaching man.
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can!

5. Seas undeceitful, calm smiling at morn,
Wreck not, ere midnight, the sailor forlorn;
And gold makes a bridge, every evil to span.
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can!

TO A DECEASED SISTER.

1. I THINK of thee, my sister,
In my sad and lonely hours;
And the thought of thee comes o'er me
Like the breath of morning flow'rs.
Like music that enchants the ear,
Like sights that bless the eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow,
The azure of the sky;
Like rainbow in the evening,
Like blossom on the tree,
Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte,—
Is the tender thought of thee.

Perstringens oculos, tamen | fallit gloria nunquam.
Crede mihī, crede mihī, si modo possis.

3. Qui sub sole sequuntur, | Juxta nube sub atrâ
Perstant, atque fideliter | tunc promissa patrabunt.
Qualis mānĕ fuit color, | talis vespere constat.
Crede mihī, crede mihī, si modo possis.

4. Verba suaviloquentis | Nil falsi tibi produnt:
Nunquam vermiculus tui | pomi in corde latebat,
Nec quisquam pede labitur, | captans ambitiosa.
Crede mihī, crede mihī, si modo possis.

5. Mānĕ, si mare ridet | Blandum, navīta nunquam
Noctem sub mediam miser | tempestate peribit.
Quidvis transilies mălorum, | auri in ponte perāgrans.
Crede mihī, crede mihī, si modo possis.

[36]

1. De te clam meditor, soror!
Horas per tacitas dolens;
Tuique instat imago mî,
Mānĕ ut flosculus halans.
Aureis cantus ut allicit,
Atque ut visa oculos beant;
Prati luxuries velut,
Sive caerula caeli;
Arcus vespere ceu nitet,
Vel ceu germina in arbore;
Talis me, Chărŭlĕ! tui
Suavis tangit imago.

2. I think on thee, my sister,
   I think on thee at even,
When I see the first and fairest star
   Steal peaceful out of heaven.
I hear thy sweet and touching voice
   In each soft breeze that blows,
Whether it waft red autumn-leaf
   Or fan the summer rose.
Mid the waste of yon lone heath,
   By this desart moaning sea,
I mourn for thee, dear Charlotte,
   And shall ever mourn for thee.

SUNNY ISLE OF OUR OWN.

1. Oh had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean; far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bow'rs,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flow'rs;
   Where the sun loves to pause
      With so fond a delay,
   That the night only draws
      A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time.

2. De te clam meditor, soror!
Tum quum vespere siderum
Primum irrepere leniter
Cerno, luce renidens.
Sive Æstas agitet rosam
Auctumnusve rŭbram vehat
Frondem, tu tenĕrè sonas
Omni suavis in aurâ.
Ad mare hoc sterile ac gemens,
Illa ad tesqua silentia,
Memor te, Chărŭlĕ, fleo,
Fleturus sine fine.

[37]

1. Nobis insula si procul
Clara in oceano foret
Æstivo data caerulo, | solitaria, parva:
Quà nunquam arboribus virens
Frondis gratia marceat,
Floridique lĕgat dapes | integras apis anni:
Quos sol almus amans locos
Suavi permaneat morâ,
Et nox ipsa lĕvi dies | occultet modŏ velo!
Siquis hìc animam trahat,
Is gustaverit indies
Quidquid laetitiae optimae | vita donat ubivis.
2. Tunc, ut tempore in aureo
Prisco, et pectore simplici,

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bow'rs,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flow'rs,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

1. Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth to the billow and the breeze
Their odours from the shore:
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.
2. O welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep,
Where far away the jasmines dwell
And *where* the myrrh trees weep.
Blest, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home.
3. The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing mid the waves to greet
The fair Earth's messengers;

Caeli ardore flagrantius | inter nosmet amemus.
Fervidum jubar, aëris
Fragrans halitus, intime
Per praecordia diffluens, | aestatem ferat illuc.
Æternus vigeat, velut
Silvae luxuries, Amor;
Et Spes, instar apis, novo | semper flore epuletur.
Tum longo similis die
Labens vita reluceat,
Lenisque ingruat ipsa mors, | ut nox, sancta, serena.

[38]

1. GAUDENT vasta maris loca,
Lucīs sicubi ab Indicis
Longe littora fluctibus
Halant suave per auram:
Gaudent, quum varii spiritŭs aëris
Blandus Ārabicum gemit.*
2. Gratae flant animae procul,
Nautam quae moneant vagum,
Quànam crescat iasmenum,
Quànam lācruma myrrhae:
Gratae, per sonitūs aequoris asperos,
Quae prodant pătriam cĭtri.
3. Rector navĭs eas trahit,
Surgitque huic medio in mari
Spes sub pectore, nunciis
Terrae suavis adulans,

* *Arab. gem.* "gives the sigh of Arabia."

That woo him from the moaning main
Back to her glorious bow'rs again.

4. They woo him, whisp'ring lovely tales
Of many a flow'ring glade,
And fount's bright gleam, in island-vales
Of golden-fruited shade.
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of Spring,

5. And O, ye masters of the lay,
Come not ev'n thus your songs,
That meet us on life's weary way
Amidst her toiling throngs?
Yes, o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

6. Their pow'r is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part:
Their tones are of the world, which Time
Sears not within the heart.
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

7. They call us with a voice divine
Back to our early love,—
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
Whence far and fast we rove.
Welcome high thought and holy strain,
That make us Truth's and Heav'n's again.

Ex plangente salo quae tenĕre ad suas
Umbras lactat amabiles.
4. "Saltūs floriferos, aquas
"Claras, vallibus aureos
"Fructūs" blandiloque sonant
"Insulas per opacas;"
Et post terga ratis solivagae ferunt
Verĭs somnia fervidi.
5. Sic, qui carmina pangitis
Vates, vestra canora vox
Turbas spirat in anxias
Curâ corda prementeis,
Et lassos animos haud secus halitu
Cælesti penitus rigat.
6. Si quà nascimur altiùs,
Vireis inde suas trahens,
Tinnit aetherium melos,
Pulsum corde perennem,
De vivâ remonens luce, virentia
Mentis per loca quae micat.
7. Tum, siquis juvenis pie
Quondam pectus amans boni
(Heu! rursum cito perfidus)
Multâ vovit in aede;
Felici hunc recolens carmine, dia mens
Sancto restituit Deo.

THE ALBUM.

1. TAKE back the virgin page,
   White and unwritten still:
Some hand more calm and sage
   The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light;
   Pure as ev'n you require:
But oh! each word I write,
   Love turns to fire.

2. Yet let me keep the book:
   Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
   Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
   Like you, too bright and fair,
To let wild Passion write
   One wrong wish there.

3. Haply, when from those eyes
   Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
   Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
   Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn but shine,—
   Pure, calm and sweet.

[39]

1. ALBAM rētrahe paginam,
Dum scripti maculâ vacat.
Istam callidior manus
Ac tranquillior ornet.
Nam spirat mihi quale tu
Poscis, luce melos scatens
Purâ : sed properos Amor
Lucem vertit in igneis.

2. At librum teneam tamen,
Quà cor saepe tui memor
Caras conflet imagines,
Chartam commeditanti.
Nempe, ut tu, placide nitet ;
Ut tu, casta micat nimis,
Ne quid huc ferus impetus
Scriptum pravius optet.

3. Sed, tuis oculis procul
Si de te patriâque quid
Firmius mediter vagans ;
Tum mens nonnihil ausit
Forsan ingenio tuo
Dignum fingere ; quod queat
Collucere, nec ardeat ;
Purum, suave, serenum.

4. And as the records are,
   Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
   Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
   Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
   Guiding my way.

A MOORISH SERENADE.

1. WHILE my lady sleepeth, | the dark blue heav'n is bright:
Soft the moonbeam creepeth | round her bow'r all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze, | while my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees | echoes of my numbers,
   Her dreaming ear to please.

2. Should ye,—breathing numbers, | that for her I weave,—
Should ye break her slumbers, | all my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze | and gain her lattice height,
O'er yon poplar trees: | but be your echoes light,
   As hum of distant bees.

3. All the stars are glowing | in the gorgeous sky:
In the stream scarce flowing | mimic lustres lie.
Blow, blow gentle breeze, | but bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies: | nor chase from ZARA'S side
   Dreams bright and pure as these.

4. Atque ut per mare navitae
Frigidum memores viam
Conscribunt dubiam, suo
Ducti sidere caeco :
Sic, quae condiderim lĭbro,
Dicant, quàm validis ferar
Ventis ; dum per opaca tu
Clam praeis, velut astrum.

[40]

1. CAELUM purpureum nitet, | dum dormit mea cara,
Cujus alma torum fovens | pernox luna quiescit.
Lenis aura ! per arbores, | dum dormit mea cara,
Leniter numeros reper- | cussos, aura ! meos vehe,
oblectatura soporem.

2. Si vos, carmina ! propter hanc | quae spirantia texo,—
Si ciebitis e sopore, | omnis corde dolebo.
Aurâ insurgite languidâ, | illasque intrate fenestras.
Illas vincĭte pōpulos : | verum, ut bombus apum procul,
leni flate canore.

3. In caelo rutilant suprà | cuncta en ! astra superbo :
Horum rursus imagines | lento in flumine fulgent.
Lenis aura ! move, move, | nec nubem vehe, cara
Clara lumina condĭtum : | nec Zarae eripe somnium,
tanquam sidera clarum.

SECTION IV.

THE FOREST.

1. 'Tis merry in greenwood, (thus runs the old lay,)
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild bird's song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bow'r.
2. Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistering leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tow'r.
3. Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flow'r.
4. Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his pow'r.

5. Less merry perchance is the fading leaf,
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,
When the greenwood loses the name.
6. Silent is then the forest-bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound

(*Choriambic, less regular.*)

[41]

1. O quàm laeta mihi omnia | (Sic carmen veterum sonat)
Silvam per viridem nitent | Maii mense protervo;
Quando fronde super novâ | Libera insiliens avĭs
Convexum in nemus allicit | cantillans generosum.
2. Tum bētūla comas gerit | Argenti; äerio prope
Surgit vertice fraxinus,
Fagus et nitidum virens | lautâ in veste relucet.
Mox intervĕnit, improbi | Turris ut nĭgra reguli,
Pectus indomitum, suo | fretum robore, quercûs.
3. Quanquam millia frondium | Praetexant tenĕbras simul,
At fractum jubar immicat,
Sub quo pallidius virent | mucrones foliorum,
Depictusque colore flos | clariore coruscat.
4. Nemo tunc nisi cor hebes
Convallem nemoris cavam
Temnit, quà ruber, invĕnit
Cervus cum căprëis feras, | sole ardente, latēbras.

5. Forsan exhilarat minus,—
Postquam condita messis est,
Nec ultra viridis viret | silva,—frons peritura.
6. Tum silent nemoris viae,
Ni quà forsan avĭs rŭbro | fundit pectore cantum;

Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game.

7. Yet then too I love the forest wide;—
Whether the sun in splendour ride
And gild its many colour'd side,—

8. Or whether the soft and silvery haze
In vapoury folds o'er the landskip strays,
And half involves the woodland maze

9. Like an early widow's veil;
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides and half betrays
Of beauty wan and pale.

THE NAUTILUS.

1. LIKE an ocean-breeze afloat,
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily saileth he!

2. Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue;
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar:
O the joy of sailing thus,
Like a brave old Nautilus!

Frondes deciduae crepant
Morsae frigore, dum procul
Plenâ voce alăcris boat | venatu cănĭs instans.
7. Silvam tunc quoque latam amo;
Sive sol equitans sŭpra
Scenam perlinat, aureùm | splendens, versicolorem;
8. Sive obducta vaporëis
Spiris rura pererret ar|genti flaccida nubes,
Perplexum nemus implicans;
9. Crispati juveni velut | viduae licia veli
Celant lumina pallidae
Pulcritudinis anxia, | vel subinde revelant.

[42]

1. Ut Nerēĭde et Æolo
Quaedam progenies sata;
Denatans scaphulâ in suâ
Unionibus ambitâ | pulcris intus et extra:
Laetus per mare, per mare, | Laete Nautilus explicat
Carbasi tenuis cutem | sericam fluitantis.
2. Non ob bella, neque ob lŭcrum,*
Sed suo genio placens,
Lassitudinis ac famis | nescius, parasangas
Per multos meat impigre.
Praeter littora plurima | Praeter saxaque, non movet
Velum, remige nil opu' 'st.
O quàm me lubet, ut vetus
Fortis navita Nautilus, | sic cursare per altum!

* *Lucri* has *u* short in Plaut. Pers. 4, 4, 118, and apparently elsewhere.

3. Much doth know the northern Whaler,
More the great Pacific sailor;
And Phœnicians, old and gray,
In old times knew more than they;
But, oh! daring voyager small
More thou knowest than they all!
Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze,
On the new crested seas:
4. Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the stony ammonite!
5. Thou didst survive the awful shock,
That turned the ocean-bed to rock;
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veinèd forms—
Fossil scrolls that tell of change
Sudden, terrible and strange!
6. Thou wast there! thy little boat,
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal.
Amid wreck and overturning,
Rock-imbedding, heaving, burning—
Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine!

3. Multa noverit, Arctico
Qui venatur in aequore | balaenas glaciali:
Plura, qui mare trameat | Ingens Pacificum, tenet:
Et plura his quoque forsitan | Cāno tempore primitus
Poeni calluerint senes. | Sed tu, parvule nauta!
Cunctis callidius sapis;
Qui recens-genito in mari
Risisti impavidus, tuo | sole laetus et aurâ.

4. Solitudine tu maris
In priscâ, suboli arbiter | Drăconum intereras ferae:
Et sub lucè recens satâ | Susque deque mari vagus
Ammōnitidis impiger | cornutae cŏmĕs ibas.

5. Nae tu vivĭs adhuc, licet
Telluris tremor extulit
Saxeum maris alveum | cum fragore tremendo;
Vivosque innumerabileis
Molluscas variis novi | Vēnīs marmoris indidit,
Quae cladem memorant adhuc, | chartae fossilis instar.

6. Illic tu astiteras: tuus
Linter, Nautile pervicax
Et ventose! feris nĭgris
Denatabat aquis simul, | gurgites ad hianteis.*
Rerum fābrica quandŏ vi | Circum corruerat malâ;
Inter omnia naufraga,
Flammas et sonitūs feros,
Saxa condita et edita;
Antiquissime navita! | Margaritea te tua
Vexit cymbula, per salum | turbatum, sĭne noxâ.

* Lucan; *hiant undae.*

7. Then thou saw'st the settling ocean,
Calming from its wild commotion;
And less mighty than the first
Forth a new creation burst!

8. Saw'st each crested billow rife
With ten thousand forms of life;
Saw'st the budding sea-weed grow
In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mines
Hourly branching corallines.

9. Thou didst know the sea, ere man
His first voyage had begun—
All the World hadst sailed about
Ere America was found out;
Ere Ulysses and his men
Sailed for Ithaca again;
Ere among the isles of Greece,
Went Jason for the golden fleece.

10. Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,
Brave old voyager, merrily,
While within the forest grew
The tree which made the first canoe.
Daring circumnavigator,
Would thou wert thine own narrator!

7. Dein motūs inamabileis
Vidisti positos maris;
Quando provĕnit altera
Rerum forma, minor tamen | majestate prioris.

8. Vidisti quoque tu geni
Spumosis ab aquis novas | vitae mille figuras,
Lentoque in pelago infimo
Algae germina crescere;
Et quae ex fronde cŏrallinâ
Hortis Oceanitibus | agnascuntur in horas.

9. Tu prius mare iniveras,
Quàm remis homo tenderet:
Orbis tu prius ambitum
Nôras, quàm novus afforet | nobis cognitus orbis;
Antequam repetiverat
Ulixes Ithacam suam;
Vel Graecas apud insulas
Vellus arietis aureum | requirebat Iason.

10. Per fluctūs hilaris vetus
Fortis nauta nataveras
Tunc tu, dum nemore in suo
Lintris primigenae cavi | mater surgeret alnus.
Nautile! historias maris
Narres ipse utinas tuas, | errabundus et audax!

MARS AND VENUS.

1. LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
   When heroes are resting and joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover
   And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But when the foe returns, | again the hero burns;
   High flames the sword in his hand once more.
The clang of mingling arms | is then the sound that charms,
   And brazen notes of war by thousand trumpets roar.
Oh then comes the harp, &c.

2. Light went the harp when the War-god reclining
   Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest;
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
   And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But when the battle came | the hero's eye breath'd flame;
   Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wakening ear | no other sounds were dear,
   But brazen notes of war by thousand trumpets sung.

3. But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
   And Beauty once more lull'd the War-god to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
   And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

[43]

1. LENIS est citharae canor, | ut victoria fulget,
Quando laude novâ fruens | hēros gaudet alācris,
Et virescit amantis in | fronte pendula laurus,
Alasque ex galeae facit | cristis ipse Cupido.
Atqui si redit hostis, | Rursum provolat hēros,
Ensis mox iterum strenuus emicat;
Tum stridor ferientis | Pectus fascinat imum
Clangentisque sonus Martis ahenëus,
Mille ubī litui strepunt.
Tum redit cĭtharae canor, | ut victoria &c., &c.

2. Lenis cantus erat lyrae, | hēros dum recubabat
Ulnâ suavĭter ambĭtus | *Pulcritudinis albâ.
Myrtus pensilis hujus arma | implicabat opima,
Cassidemque columbuli | pro nido retinebant.
Sed quum pugna redibat, | vultu fulgurat acer,
Cervice excutiens brachia candida.
Aureis evigilantis | nil lactat nisi clamor,
Clangentisque sonus Martis ahenëus,
Mille ubī litui strepunt.

3. Tum molles redeunt fĭdes | post finita pericla;
Militique Venus suo | instaurans alma triumphum,
Lauros illĭus aurëis | suis crinibus ambit,
Pro nidoque columbuli | sidunt casside tecti.

* The Latins never personify *Pulcritudo*, because they have a more solid personification in *Venus*.

ERIN'S RAINBOW.

1. ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam | weep while they rise.
2. Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease;
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase;
Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heav'n's sight | one arch of Peace.

OMEN TO MARMION.

1. WHERE shall the lover rest, | whom the Fates sever
From his true maiden's breast | parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high | sounds the far billow;
Where early violets die, | under the willow;
Eleu loro! | soft shall be his pillow.
2. There through the summer's day | cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway, | scarce are boughs waving.
There thou thy rest shall take, | parted for ever,
Never again to wake, | never, oh never:
Eleu, loro! | never, oh never.
3. Where shall the traitor rest, | he, the deceiver.
Who could win maiden's breast | ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle, | borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle | with the groans of the dying;
Eleu, loro, | there shall he be lying.

[44]

1. CAELO ut discolor e tuo | pendet arcus, Ierne!
Sic risus lacrumâ tibi | miscetur per ocellos.
Gaudii e radiis truces, | clari moestitiae per imbrem,
Luce cum dubiâ tui | soles flent orientes.

2. Nae tu muta doloribus | semper flebis, Ierne!
Ridenteis oculos premet | languor semper, Ierne!
Donec se varii tui | jungent Iridis ut colores,
Et Pacis camaram struent | unam, in lumine dio.

[45]

1. QUO quiescet amans loco, | quem Parcae male raptum
Fidae virginis e sinu | disjungunt sine fine?
Quà luci per opaca celsi | longinqua remugit unda,
Quà crudae violae cadunt | sub languente salicto,
Ah! heu! Illi molle cubile erit.
2. Hìc die aestifero meat | rivorum gelida aura;
Hìc ventis dominantibus | vix se virgula motat.
Hìc te, conjugiis negatis, | aeterna quies tenebit,
Somni compede jugiter | vinctum (eheu) nimis arctâ.
Ah! heu! Securus nimium sopor.
3. Quo loco requiescet hic, | qui pellax malefidè
Nactus virgineum sĭnum, | relinquit spoliatam?
In pugnâ trepidâ, suorum | sub strage fugâque pressus,
Quà Mortis gemitu feros | miscet Mars ululatūs.
Ah! ha! Illìc iste jacebit, ha!

4. Her wing shall the eagle* flap | o'er the false-hearted:
His warm blood the wolf shall lap | ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit | O'er his grave ever:
Blessing shall hallow it | never, oh never!
Eleu loro, | Never, oh never.

HARP OF TARA.

1. THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
2. So sleeps the pride of former days;
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
3. No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
4. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still She lives.

THE DECEASED MAIDEN.

HERE'S the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted.
Here's the harp she us'd to touch:
O how that touch enchanted!

* Vulture?

4. Alīs volturius super | falso pectore plaudet,
Et vivi calidum lupus | linget ore cruorem.
Labes opprobriumque semper | busto residebit hujus ;
Nemo id voce piâ bea|bit, neque omine fausto.
Ah ! ha ! Famae nil erit huic bonae.

[46]

1. Tāricis quondam lyra quae profudit
Atriis animam Camoenae,
Tārico nunc pariete muta pendet,
Illâ tanquam animâ fugatâ.
2. Sic ferox virtus periit priorum,
Gloriaeque tremor quiescit :
Corda enim, quae laus quatiebat olim,
Nunc sopore jacent sepulta.
3. Regulis non jam lyra feminisque
Splendidis strepit illa Tarae ;
Rumpitur sed nocte fĭdis subinde,
Prodens una suas ruinas.
4. Sic item vitale salit fugato
Libertas revoluta somno,
Si quis indignans jecur ipse rumpit,
Illam vivere adhuc revelans.

[47]

1. En nemus, quod prorsus amabat illa,
Virgultumque quod ipsa sevit.
En lyra haec, quam percutiebat illa,
Heu ! cantamine fascinanti.

Roses now unheeded sigh:
  Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie:
  Where's the lip to breathe them?
Spring may bloom; but she we lov'd
  Ne'er shall feel its sweetness.
Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,
  Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd;
  Days were moments near her:
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
  Nor Pity wept a dearer.

THE SEA GULL.

1. BIRD of the Ocean, | graceful in motion,
  Swift in thy passage from inland to sea!
  Oft I in fancy pace | over thy dwelling place,
  Dear to thy nestlings, and precious to me.
2. Bright in eccentric flight, | gleaming with purest white,
  Floating through ether all buoyant and free!
  Raptur'd I've seen thee swerve | from thy fantastic curve,
  Dropping with callnote to sport on the lea.
3. Oft when the billows foam, | far from thy native home,
  Shelter'd by woodland, near meadow and brook;
  Over a rugged stile | thoughtful I've lean'd awhile,
  Watching thee play with some blackamoor rook.
4. And on the shore I've stood, | marking thy snowy brood
  Dive neath the silver wave, searching for prey;

Jam rosae neglecta vagatur aura :
Consertura manus recessit.
Jam jacent incognita dona vatis ;
Cantatura labella desunt.
2. Ver potest frondere, sed hanc amatam
Nunquam deliciis fovebit.
Hora, quae quondam properans abibat,
Non jam se praehibet volūcrem.
Hanc prope, annus instar erat diei ;
Dies nil fuit, hâc manente.
Virgo nec festivior est creata,
Nec fletum tulit almiorem.

[48]

1. O vasti volŭcris maris, | quae, pulcerrima motu,
Velox inter ăgros et mare commeas ;
Tuae saepe mihī domûs | obversatur imago,
Pullis cara tuis, nec mihĭ non placens.
2. Tu, candore mero nĭtens, | errabunda volatu,
Per densum fluitas aethera lībĕrē ;
Gyrove absiliens vago, | cūcŭbansque in ăgrestem
Ludum præcipitas, cor mihi fascinans.
3. Te, spumante salo, tuâ | longè a sede remotam
Pratenseis ad aquas, sub nemore abditam,
Septum trans rude ligneum | scandens, saepe tuebar,
Corvo quum cuperes ludere cum nĭgro.
4. Et vidi niveam tuum, | stans in littore, prolem
Praedam subter aquis quaerere limpidis :

Then to the surface rise, | soar to the fleecy skies,
Coo to thy comrades, and hasten away.

5. Bird of the Ocean, | graceful in motion!
Had I the pinions of Genius to soar;
Wild as thy airy flight, | I'd on her wings of light
All the fair regions of fancy explore.

THE EAGLE.

1. Not in the meadow and not on the shore,
And not on the wide heath with furze covered o'er,
Where the cry of the plover, the hum of the bee,
Give a feeling of joyful security;
And not in the woods where the nightingale's song
From the chesnut and orange pours all the day long;
And not where the martin has built in the eaves,
And the redbreast once cover'd the children with leaves;—
Shall ye find the proud eagle. Oh, no! come away!
I will show you his dwelling, and point out his prey.

2. Away! let us go where the mountains are high,
With tall splint'ring peaks tow'ring into the sky;
Where old ruin'd castles are dreary and lone,
And seem as if built for a world that is gone.
There, up on the topmost tow'r, black as the night,
Sits the old monarch eagle in full blaze of light.
He is king of these mountains. Save him and his mate,
No eagle dwells here: he is lonely and great.
Look, look how he sits, with his keen glancing eye
And his proud head thrown back, looking into the sky.

Supra mox redŭces, gregi | cantillant sociarum,
Et caeli profugae vellera subvolant.
5. Motu pulcra! avĭs O maris! | si pennis amicirer
Claris ingenii; tum, jubar insĭdens,
Te ferocior altiorque, | explorare flagrarem
Pulcrarum pătriam et dulcium imaginum.

[49]

1. Non tu littora per maris | nec per prata, vel amplos
Campos aureolis sentibus obsitos,
In queis bombus apum sonat, | garritque attagen, almâ
Securos animos laetitiâ fovens;
Nec quà castaneum nemus | sive aurantia fundit
Per dium teneros lusciniae sonos,
Aut rŭbēcŭla parvulos | frondĭbus pia texit;
Nec quà hirundo tenet sub tegulis lareis;—
Incurres aquilam feram. | Heus, heus, aspice mecum
Quas praedas aquilae, quas habeant domos.
2. Huc abscede, ubĭ de mero | montium praeacuti
Diffissique apices aethere promicant;
Quà confracta dolet situ | sōlĭtaria turris,
Tanquam praeterito condita seculo.
Illic, ater ut atra Nox, | summo in vertice celsus,
Plenâ luce fruens, rex sedet alitum,
Rex horum quŏque montium: | nam cum conjuge solus
Solâ pollet ibī, comparis inscius.
En, qualis sedet, intimâ | nictans luce, superbo
Rejecto capite, atque ardua suspicit.

And hark to the rush of his outspreading wings,
Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs.
And now, how the echoing mountains are stirr'd!
For that was the voice of the eagle you heard.
Now see how he soars! Like a speck in the height
Of the bluevaulted sky, and now lost in the light,
Now downward he wheels, as a shaft from a bow
By a strong archer sent, to the valleys below.
And that is the bleat of a lamb of the flock!
One moment; and he reascends to the rock.
Yes, see how the conqu'ror is winging his way,
And his terrible talons are holding their prey.

3. Great bird of the wilderness! lonely and proud,
With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bow'd;
With an eye of defiance, august and severe,
Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer:
What is it that giveth thee beauty and worth?
Thou wast made for the desolate places of earth,
To mate with the tempest; to match with the sea:
And God show'd his pow'r in the lion and thee.

THE PALE FLOWER.

1. How fair is thy face, Pale Flow'r!
The stars look down on thee,
And our Father's sister gazeth
Thy loveliness to see.
Bright, bright is their deathless ray,
But they know thou 'rt fairer than they.
Pale Lily of the water! sweet flow'r!—sleep.

Mox alae patulae sonant, | ut surgente procellâ,
Enītentis iter per superum äeris.
Jam montes strepitu vibrant; | nam se protulit ipsa
Verae vox aquilae, stridula personans.
Sublimemne vides? poli | puro fornice substat
Vix instar maculae, lux quoad auferat.
Mox conversus, ŭti manu | forti emissa sagitta,
In valleis penitus se jacit infimas.
Grex diffūgit; at audio | balatūs; scopulumque
Surgens äeriâ jam repetit fugâ,
Victor: nam revolat domum | dirus auspice fausto,
En! agnum rapidis unguibus attinens.
3. Ales O spatiis feris | solitarius instans,
Invictis animis, nescius et jŭgi,
Augustis oculis ferox; | tu, qui, jure superbus,
Aspernare parem, despicis imparem:—
Tantâ te quid enim tuâ | pulcritudine donat?
Qui, telluris agros natus ad asperos,
Tempestatibus ut fores | consors, Oceanoque;
(Juxta teque leo) vim celebras Dei.

[50]

1. O QUAM pulcra nĭtes, pallide flos, mihi,
In quam sidera amant tueri!
Os in dulce tuum clara Pătris soror
Summi, despicit ex profundo.
Praefulget jubar horum exitio carens,
At nôrunt tibi se minores.
Iris suaveolens albida, dormias!

2. I've seen our loveliest maidens :
Their eyes as stars are bright.
Their voices are sweet as a fountain's,
That murmurs in the light.
But they were not a joy to me,
As thou, when I look on thee.
Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.

3. Why droopéth thy head, lone captive ?
Mourn not the lov'd ones blest.
In the White man's happy islands
Their spirits are at rest.
Thy image to them shall beam,
As they are beheld in thy dream.
Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.

4. My brother is rude to thy sorrow ;
He hath a warrior's soul.
He is terrible in the battle :
He scorns a maid's controul.
But afar in our father's home
Thou shalt in my bosom bloom.
Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.

OMEENA'S LAMENT.

1. WHERE is the foam of the waters ?
White on the golden sand it shone,
But a wave from the deep came dark and high ;
I look'd, and the foam was gone.
It might not linger.

2. Vultūs virgineos hìc ego amabileis
Vidi, sidereo micanteis
Obtutu; tenerâ et voce, velut suâ
Fons in luce gemit coruscans.
At non tantopere hae laetitiam dabant,
Quantam tu, mihi contuenti.
Iris suaveolens albida, dormias!
3. Ne, captiva! fleas, orba licèt tuis;
Nec lugere decet beatos,
Albis Oceani quotquot in Insulis
Mānes exsulitant tuorum.
Qualeis cara tibi somnia dant tuos,
Talis tu radiabis illis.
Iris suaveolens albida, dormias!
4. Frater moestitiam spernit atrox meus,
Bellatore animo superbus;
Nec, qui terribilis prœlia conserit,
Perfert imperium puellae.
In nostrâ, procul hinc, tu pătrià tamen
Hôc sub pectore germinabis.
Iris suaveolens albida, dormias!

[51]

1. Quònam spuma abiit maris,
Quae modo albida in aurëis | interluxit arenis?
Quando desuper ingruit | praeceps unda nigrescens,
Spumă mŏram pati nequibat,
Mîque evanuit intuenti.

2. Where is the snow-wreath of winter?
   Pure in the forest depths it lay:
   But the Great Spirit looked from the stormless heav'ns,
   And the snow-wreath pass'd away,
   In its own breathing.
3. Where is the cloudlet of Summer?
   Palely it slept on the sky's calm breast:
   But the winds blew strong and the tempest rose;
   The cloud found a darker rest,
   No more returning.
4. Lovely wast thou, my sister!
   Gentle and sad as the night's low breath.
   Ah! if thou hadst been less sweet and fair,
   Thou wouldst not have charm'd cold Death,
   Nor griev'd Omeena.
5. Vain is the voice of my sorrow.
   Never again to the earth nor me
   Thy spirit returns from the shadowy land:
   And with tears shall I gaze, like thee,
   On stars and flow'rs.
6. Yet will I cease from my mourning;
   Child of the moonlit Ocean foam!
   For, a captive and orphan and lonely in woe,
   Manitto hath call'd thee home,
   To meet the long-lost.
7. Soon may I come to thee, dearest!
   Sorrow and tears and the tomb are not there,
   And the flow'rs have no fading, the storm never comes,
   [illegible]nd joy fills the boundless air.
   [illegible], sleep, thou dreamless!

2. Ubī taenia nunc nivis
Brumalis ; nemorum recess|su quae casta jacebat,
Dum demisit ab arduo | Mens Suprema serenos
Intŭĭtūs ; suoque cirrus
Halitu lĭquitur nivalis.
3. Quò nubecula transiit,
Dudum pallida dormiens | caelum aestiva pér almum ?
Vi surgente tamen supra, | crudescente procellâ,
In tĕnĕbrosiora nubes
Occidit, reditura nunquam.
4. Sanè amabilis, O soror,
Fuisti, mea ! Moesta tu, | clemens noctis ut aura.
Ah ! minus sĭ amabilis, | minus pulcra fuisses,
Nec gelidae tu Mortis esca
Fŏres, nec dolor Omiēnae.
5. Nequidquam tibi lūgeo.
Umbrarum ex domibus retrorsum | ad meq' ad superosque
Vitâ non redeunt novâ | Mānes : jamque ego, tanquam
Tu, lăcrĭmosa contuebor
Flores signaque mira caeli.
6. Sed finem lăcrimis sinam ;
O lunâ radiantibus | spumis nata marinis,
Capta ab hostibus, orba item, | solitaria luctu !
Quam Pătĕr hinc domum vocavit
Ex desiderio tuorum.
7. Te, carissima ! consequar
Cĭto,—ŭbī perĕgrina sunt—moeror, lācrima, bustum.
Illic ventus ătrox abest, | non marcent ibi flores,
Laetitiâ sed undat äer.
Dormi, O, inscia somniorum.

THE LONE SEA SHORE.

By the lone sea shore | mournfully beat the waves.
Mournfully evermore | the wild wind sobs and raves.
A sadness and a sense of deep unrest
Brood on the clouds and on the water's breast.
But lo! the white sea mew careering | floats indolently by;
And lo! a snowy sail appearing | gleams fair against the sky;
The sadness and the loneliness depart,
And Nature smiles with sympathy of heart.
From snowy mountain peak | how sadly we look down
On purple moorland bleak | ungladden'd by a town!
The solemn grandeur is akin to pain:
We look for sympathy and sigh in vain.
But if we hear the kine deep lowing | or voice of chanticleer,
Or watch the azure smoke upflowing | from cottage homesteads [near,
The lonely landscape glitters in the sight,
And human gladness robes it with delight.

SPRING.

1. 'Tis merry in the mead
When tree and flow'r and weed
Unfold their tender leaflets to wanton in the spring;
When the linnet in the croft
And the lark a mile aloft
And the blackbird in the thicket attune their throats to sing.

[52]

1. PLANGUNT lugŭbriter maris | sōlo in littore fluctūs :
Ventus lugŭbriter ferus | singultatque furitque.
Infra nubila caeca | Pectori maris incubat
Moeror intimus, inquiesque.
2. Sed cursu gavia otio|so praetervolat alba :
Sed velum niveum procul | fulget nubila contra.
Solitudinis expers, | Tum Natura recīprocùm
Arridet, recreata corde.
3. Montis culmine vix placet | despectus glaciali,
Si non sede aliquâ virûm | rūbra tesqua beantur.
Est cognata dolori | Majestas, tibi mutuos
Affectūs prohibens superba.
4. Sin galli strepitūs bovesque | audimus gemebundas,
Altève aspicimus casae | fumi coerula parvae ;
Jam rus fulget, amictu | Nŏvae laetitiae calens,
Solitudine liberatum.

[53]

1. RIDENT undique prata, ubī | Verĕ luxuriantes
Explicant teneras comas | flos et arbor et herba ;
Si fringilla vagans ăgris, | et sublimis alauda,
Et dumo merula ex nĭgro
Cantum gutture consonant.

2. O 'tis merry out of doors
On the daisy spangled floors
Of the balmy fields and pastures in the sweet sweet month of [May;
When the heart of youth is light
And the face of Care grows bright,
And the children leap for gladness in the morning of the day.

3. Oh 'tis beautiful to see
How the blushing apple tree
And the odour laden hawthorn and the cherry and the sloe
Have put on their bridal gear
For the nuptials of the year,—
The bridemaids of the Earth, with their garments white as [snow:

4. And how the happy Earth
Growing young again in mirth,
Has prank'd herself in jewels to do honour to the day,—
Of gold and purple bright,
Of azure and of white,
Her diadem and bracelets the meadow flow'rs of May.

5. Come forth, come forth, ye sad!
Look at Nature, and be glad.
Come forth, ye toiling millions! the universe is fair.
Come forth from crowded street,
And cool your feverish feet
With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air.

6. The children in the meads
String the buttercups like beads.
Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as they.
Come and hear the cuckow sing:
Come and breathe the breath of spring,
nd gild your life's October with the memories of May.

2. Rident pascua, sicubi | dulcis bellide Maius
Mensis suaveolentium | distinguit sŏla ăgrorum :
Quum frons Sollicitudinis | nitet, corque Juventae
Turget, luceque gestiunt
Saltantes pueri novâ.

3. Mālos tunc video libens | erubescere, et albam
Spinam floriferam frăgrantem, | et prunum, cerasumque :
Nam Ver pignoribus săcris | cum Tellure jugatur,
Prōnŭbaeque, novis stolis
Amictae, niveum micant.

4. Jam Tellus, hilarĭs ănĭmi, | denuo juvenescens,
Gemmis se decorat novis | horae in hujus honorem,
Flores pro diademate et | pro armillis radianteis
Maii luteolos, rŭbros,
Albos, coeruleos gerens.

5. Plebs o fessa laboribus ! | provenite, venite :
Naturae faciem venustam | exsultate videntes.
Egressi strepitu, mero | sub dio, gradientes
Herbâ frigidulâ super,
Allevate pedum fēbrim.

6. In pratis pueri struunt | gilvo e flore catenas :
Tu ne sis sapiens nimis, | sed partem cape ludi.
Ausculta cucŭli sonos ; | halitum trahe vernum ;
Octobrisque tuus, memor
Maii, defluat aureus !

THE ARCTIC LOVER.

1. GONE is the long long winter night.
    Look, my beloved one,
How glorious, thro' his depths of light,
    Rolls the majestic sun!
The willows, wak'd from winter's death
Give out a fragrance like thy breath:
    The summer is begun.
2. Ay! 'tis the long bright summer day:
    Hark to the mighty crash!
The loosen'd iceridge breaks away:
    The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While down its green translucent sides
    The foamy torrents dash.
3. See, love! my boat is moor'd for thee
    By Ocean's weedy floor.
The petrel does not skim the sea
    More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go, where on the rocky isles
Her eggs the screaming seafowl piles
    Besides the pebbly shore.
4. Or bide thou where the poppy blows
    With wind flow'rs frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snow,
    Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce tho' he be and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
    And drag him from his lair.

[54]

1. Nox praelonga hiemis praeteriit: viden',
Meo carissima cordi!?
Quàm fulgidum caput efferens
Sol augustissimus ambit!
Morte ex hiemis salices redivivae
Fragranter olent, vel spiritus ut tuus:
Et nunc nempe incipit aestas.
2. En aestiva dies lucida longaque!
Praegrandem audisne fragorem?
Sane moles glacie ruens
Splendores suscitat undae.
Jam mons praelucidus ad mare serpit,
Cujus virideis lăterum crystallos
Perrumpit spumeus humor.
3. Imum cymba tibī stat maris ad sŏlum
Per algas vincta: sed aequor
Radit remo citior meo
Non āles ipse procellae.
Ad saxa fretis divisa exibimus,
Ubi obstreperae gaviae sua condunt
Scruposas ova per oras.
4. Illic me maneas, quà tenui rubet
Ventoso flore papaver;
Ego namque ipsīus in insulis
Quaeram nĭvalibus ursum:
Quem, viribus indomitis immanem,
Tamen ex propriis latĕbris mea brachia
Protractum vi superabunt.

5. When crimson sky and flamy cloud
    Bespeak the summer o'er,
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
    Of snows that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter-home
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
    And spread with skins the floor.
6. The white fox by thy couch shall play;
    And from the frozen skies
The meteors of a mimic day
    Shall flash before thine eyes:
And I (for such thy vow) meanwhile
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
    Till that long midnight flies.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1. THE breaking waves dash'd high
    On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
    Their giant branches toss'd.
And the heavy night hung dark
    The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
    On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as the conqueror comes,
    They the truehearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
    And the trumpet that sings of fame.

5. Quando in puniceâ lurida nube lux
Aestatem abire monebit,
Et valleis exanimas rigens
Albo nix funere condet;
Tibi tunc glacialia moliar atria,
Vĭtreo cum fornice, pariete fulgida, et
Indam pro stramine pelleis.
6. Ad cubile tuum ludere gestiet
Vulpecula alba: gelatum
Per coelum flamma, meridiem
Simulans, cŏrusca meabìt.
Ast interea mihĭ tu ridebis,
Me colloquio solabere, (certum'st,)
Dum nox aufugerit atra.

[55]

In triste littus rupibus asperum
Sublime plangit æquor, et ardua
Cœlo procelloso minanter
Brachia se nemorum retorquent.
Supra nigrescens incubuit gravis
Marique nox et collibus, in feras
Novanglicas ut exsul oras
Navigium manus alligabat.
Non cum superbâ pectore simplices
Vēnēre pompâ: tympana non strepunt
Gyros ovantûm, non celēbres
Buccina clara citat triumphos.

Not as the fleeing come,
In silence and in fear :—
They shook the depths of the desart gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3. Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd:
This was their welcome home.

4. There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
(Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?)
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

5. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
Freedom* to worship God.

* This is incorrect. Roger Williams at Rhode Island, *escaping from persecution* of the colonists, first established religious freedom.

At nec sĭlenti vel pavidâ fugâ
Vēnēre, quamvis siut profugi domo;
  Sed voce forti personantes
    Concutiunt vacuum profundi.
Inter procellas qualia concinant,
Auscultat aequor sideraque aetheris;
  Nigrasque libertatis hymnus
    Per nemorum cameras strepebat.
Montana pinus contremuit fremens:
Nido relicto sursum aquila evolat
  Spumis marinis, ut decoram
    Exsulibus jubcat salutem.
Inter catervam quae perĕgre fŭgit,
Ibant verendi canitie senes;—
  (Ætate cur tandem vietâ
    E pătriâ vetere exsulantes?)
Ibant sereno lumine feminae,
Cui fulsit intus candida caritas:
  Ibatque frons constans virorum,
    Pectus et igniferum juventae.
Quid hi petebant tam procul a domo?
Clarasne gemmas, an pretium e mari
  Bellive praedam? sed petebant
    Relligione frui severâ.
Sanctus profectò, quò profugi pedem
Primum extulerunt, sit locus; a quibus
  Legata libertas nepotum 'st
    Intemerata Deum colendi.

BANNOCKBURN.

1. SCOTS, wha hae wi Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.
Now's the day and now's the hour:
See the front of battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward, chains and slaverie.

2. Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',—
Caledonian! on with me.

3. By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe:
Libertie 's in every blow:
Forward: let us do or die!

[56]

1. O multa passi cum duce Wallĭcho,
Ausique Brucho plura sub auspice;
Adeste laeti aut ad cubile
Sanguineum, aut celĕbrem ad triumphum.

2. Scoti! dies atque hora acie nĭgrans
Praesto 'st superbâ: jamque ferocibus
Edvardus armis instat, ecce!
Vincula servitiumque portans.

3. Quis proditoris suscipiat scelus?
Explere inertis quis cupiat scrobem
Turpisve servi pensa? tergo
Proditor! effuge, inersve! verso.

4. Pro jure, rege et legitimo suo,
Quis audet ensem stringere liberum,
Liber mori, vivusque liber?
Scote! Călēdŏnie! irruamus,

5. Per servitutis supplicia et prŏbra,
Per filios qui compedibus gemunt!
Ni liberentur, gutta ab imo
Profluet ultima corde nostro.

6. Valde tyrannos dejicite asperos;
Tyrannus est nam, quisquis ibi cadat;
Ictuque libertas in omni 'st,
Quem ferit immoriturus heros.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

1. Son of the Ocean Isle,
   Where sleep your mighty dead?
   Show me what high and stately pile
   Is rear'd o'er glory's bed.
   Go, stranger! track the deep;
   Free, free the white sail spread:
   Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
   Where rest not England's dead.

2. On Egypt's burning plains
   By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
   With fearful pow'r the noonday reigns,
   And the palm-trees yield no shade.
   But let the angry sun
   From heav'n look fiercely red,
   Unfelt by those whose task is done!
   There slumber England's dead.

3. The hurricane hath might
   Along the Indian shore;
   And far by Ganges' banks at night
   Is heard the tiger's roar.
   But let the sound roll on!
   It hath no tone of dread
   For those that from their toils are gone:
   There slumber England's dead.

[57]

1. INSULAE Oceànitidis
Proles! dic mihi, vestra ubī,
Celsis condita molibus,
Pubes Martia conquiescat.
O hospes, albă per mare liberum
Tu vela pandas: sicubi gentium
Insanit aura, spumat unda,
Flos tenet Anglus ibī sepulcrum.
2. Subter pyramide arbitrâ,
Ægypto riguâ procul,
Regnat saeva meridies*
Nec jam palma ministrat umbram.
Spectet ruber sol desuper arduus
Vultu feroce; nil tulerit mali
Heröibus virtute functis,
Quotquot ibī cubat Angla pubes.
3. Oras perfurit Indicas
Tempestas nĭgra turbine:
Nocturnos tĭgridum sonos
Audit undique ripa Gangis.
Furant fremantque cum strepitu truces:
Formidolosi nil tamen afferent
Heröibus virtute functis,
Quotquot ibī cubat Angla pubes.

* Since *Dies* (sing.) may always be fem. in poetry, so also, I suppose, may *Meridies*.

4. Loud rush the torrent floods
The western wilds among,
And free in green Columbia's woods
The hunter's bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on :
Let the arrow's flight be sped :
Why should they reck, whose task is done ?
There slumber England's dead.

5. The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on :
Let the fresh wreaths be shed :
For the Roncesvalles' field is won ;—
There slumber England's dead.

6. On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the icefields close,
And the northern night-clouds lour.
But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold blue desart spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done :
Ev'n there sleep England's dead.

7. The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave,

4. Inter tesqua Columbiae
Amnes occidui ruunt,
Venatoris ubi ferî
Per vireta resultat arcus.
Ferantur amnes protenus; involet
Stridens sagittă: non animum movent
Heröibus labore functis,
Quotquot ibī cubat Angla pubes.
5. Turbăt aura rosas lĕves:
Alte dilacerans jacit
Ventus pinea fragmina,
Pyrenen agitans nivosam.
Quassetur arbor luxurians; novae
Cadant coronae; sed tamen inclutâ
Vicere pugnâ Rontevallis
Quotquot ibī cubat Angla pubes.
6. O rerum facies atrox,
Quum noctu glacies maris
Circumcludit iners ratem
Et nubes borealis umbrat!
Vento feratŭr algida vastitas
Agri natantis caeruleo gelu:
Quippe, arte navali peractâ,
Plurima ibī cubat Angla pubes.
7. Undis atque acie boni,
Nostri heröĕs ab insulis
Pro busto scopulos habent,
Littus vel mare pro cubili.
Ergo hospes! albă per mare liberum

Are not the rocks their funeral-piles,
The seas and shores their grave?
Go, stranger! track the deep:
Free, free the white sail spread.
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

[In the Latin I have ventured to add a verse, without which the piece seems to me deficient in moral weight. F. W. N.]

ROSE OF ARGYLESHIRE.

1. At* the silence of twilight's contemplative hour
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood
On the wind-shaken weeds which embosom the bow'r,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

2. Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk
By the dial-stone aged and green
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,

* Qu. In?

Tu vela pandas : sicubi gentium
Insanit aura, spumat unda,
Flos tenet Anglus ibī sepulcrum.
[8. At, carissima gentium
Meo pātria pectori !
Juris legitimum caput,
Juri sit tua vis ministra !
Tum sempiternis floreat Angliae
Vis, sanctitati subdita, laudibus ;
Nec prodigant frustra cruorem,
Quotquot ubique gemuntur Angli.]

[58]

1. Dum tranquilla crepusculi
Per silentia ruminor, | Subtristis reputabam
Ut, quà stabat avīs domus
Infra arbusta meis, ferum | Nutet gramen ad auram.
Restant en ! neque tecta parieti,
Nec quercu sua nigra cornix,
Et pauci pede jam vias terunt
Obsitas, agitabat unde
Cervos vel sua bella vir rudis
Per monteis, mare queis inerrat.
2. Inter rudera dum vagor,
Quà mucet viridi situ | Horae saxeus index ;
Unam repperio rosam,
Horti quae revocet locum, | Suo in caule relictam.
Naturâ tacitam sub efferâ,

All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace:
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
Where the flow'r of my forefathers grew.

3. Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart;
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,—
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,—
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desart behind.

4. Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore:
Be strong as the rock of the ocean, which stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate:
Yea, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

Orbam, e stirpe suâ supremam,
Si quod solivagum tepet jubar,
Solitariam amore fovit.
Nam rosas ubĭ coluerant avi,
Nunc cicuta vĕprisque obumbrat.

3. Nae tu per vacuos locos
Orbi cordis imaginem | Praebes, florida perstans
Sola : sic Patientia,
Si destructa Beatitas | Corruat, tamen astet.
Atqui somnia lucĭs avolant,
Ut noctis, populata pectus,
Quum conficta nitore gaudii
Verno blanditiisque amoris,
Pellexere juventam imaginum
Perfusam magicâ* vagantum.

4. Atra mens mea, vah, sile :
Querelam sapientia | Spernit fortis inertem.
Sed robur cape, qualiter
Rupes mille feras maris | Pervicax domat undas.
Per pericula fortis erige
Spiritūs : oculo superbi
Coram, pallidior genas tamen
Ne sis : nec venerata† frustra.
Jam tremore animum ciat tuum.
Ferre est vincere nostra fata.

* Magicâ (arte). † Venerata, *passive.*

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1. I COME, I come: ye have called me long:
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

2. I have breath'd on the south, and the chesnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

3. I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

4. I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

[59] *(Dithyrambus.)*

1. Verĭs! en potens, venio: | diu saepe vocata,
Luce cincta ac suave canens, | cunctis collibus adsum.
Expergiscentes per ăgros | pedum signa meorum
Monstrat aura, quâ violae | natae commemorantur,
Monstrat herbosae radians | umbrae primula veris,
Germen et virens, mihi se | pandens praetereunti.

2. Meridiei patulis | exhalans super arvis,
Silvae affudi castaneae | mille millia florum;
Passimque in campis Italis | virûm prisca sepulcra
Dilapsaeque aedes viridi | nitent tecta coronâ.
Sed me juventas prohibet, | replens membra vigore,
Ne de ruinis memorem | moestis, neve sepulcro.

3. In procellosos Boreae | colleis despicienti
Cirris fimbriata lărix | lentis se mihi jactat;
Jamque piscator per aquas | evagatur apricas,
Et vernos tarandus agros | persultat pede lĭber.
Pinus et lautâ facie | molliore virescit,
Et muscus nitescit, ubī | meus pes perăgravit.

4. Per saltûs vireta lăbris | auram fervida misi,
Quae caelo de purpureo | vocem quamque cievit;
Sive quam nocturna sonat | luco arguta tepenti
In insulis Hesperidum | subter astra volūcris;
Sive quam palustris olor | Insulâ in Glaciali
Clangit, ut recentem abies | sumit nigra virorem.

5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain:
They are sweeping on to the silvery main.
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs.
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay
Come forth to the sunshine: I may not stay.

7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men:
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen.
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth:
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth.
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

5. Magnis resolvi fluviis | fontibusque catenam ;
En ! argenteum propere | ruunt ad maris aequor.
Montium de verticibus | splendescunt resonantes,
Silvarum super foliis | flant aspergine molli ;
Ex antris saxo vitreis | exsultant juvenales,
Et gaudentium strepitu | tellus tinnit aquarum.

6. Exite, exite, O pueri, | quotquot gaudia nôrint :
Vestra, quà cubant violae, | domus nunc queat esse.
Si cui rorant luce oculi, | sive halat rosa labris,
Sive gressūs exsulitant, | me procurrite coram.
Cum sertis, necnon fidium | cantu et carmine laeto,
Ad solis venite jubar : | non queo remanere.

7. Exite tectis hominum | curâ demorientûm :
Aquae in convalli nemorum | vagae quâque relucent.
Exite septis domuum | morosi a laris igne ;
Gaudio, en ! perflata novo | saltat frons juvenalis,
Et palmes sonore lĕvis | silvestri tremit intus ;
Juventas enim viridis | perāgrat mea regna.

SECTION V.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin, who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heav'n Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth:
From heav'n it came, to heav'n returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heav'n its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

PEACE AFTER WAR.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Iambic and Mixed Metre.

[60]

NEFAS, Amorem posse qui dicant mori:
Nam ceteri fugantur affectus, citâ
Fugiente vitâ: quippe vani ceteri.
Neque Ambitionem admittit aula caelitum,
Neque Avaritiam profunda camera Tartari.
Terrena quae sunt, sorte terrenâ fluunt:
Ubi nascitur quid, ibi profecto idem perit.
Sed exitu letoque lĭber est Amor.
Illius aura, sancta sempiternaque,
Delapsa caelis, ardet; in caelum redit.
Vexatus ille noster hospes saepius,
Nunc fraude captus, vi merâ nunc obrutus;
Probatur ac purgatur in terris morans,
Requiem superne mox habebit integram.
Laboriose hìc anxieque seminat,
At fruitur illìc messe perfectissimâ.

[61]

NOBIS hiems morosa tandem splendida
Evasit aestas sole sub Ebŏrāceo;*
Nubesque cunctae, quae domum obscuraverant,
Evanuere, penitus immersae mari.

* Eborācum and Eborăcum are variously defended.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious* pleasings of a lute.

THE ASTRONOMER.

1. UPON thy lofty tow'r,
   O lonely sage,
Reading at midnight hour
   Heav'n's awful page!
Thine art can poise the sun
   In balance true,
And countless worlds that run
   Beyond our view.
Thou scannest with clear eyes
   The azure cope;
To thee the galaxies
   Their secrets ope.
Thou know'st the track sublime
   Of every star:
Space infinite and Time
   Thy problems are.
O sage; whose mental span
   Thus grasps the sky,

* *I.e.*, voluptuous.

Victore serto intexta nunc est nostra frons;
Suspensa remonent arma fracta proelii.
Ad arma nemo, sed ad hilaritatem vocat,
Ubi feris pro cantibus suavis canor.
Mars torvivultus ore rugas absterit;
Nec ille equis jam veste ferri squameis
Insultat, animis hostium metum inferens;
At feminarum in atriis saltat lĕvis,
Se delicato carmini attorquens lyrae.

[62]

1. O QUI sedens in turre solitarius
Insomnis excelsâ, sagax,
Mediam sub horam noctis evolvis mihi
Coeli verendam paginam;
Tu ponderare rite solem noveris
In lance veraci tuâ,
Orbesque claros, hominis aciem qui procul
Mille evagantur millies.
Penetrante visu dispicis tu coeruli
Convexa mira fornicis,
Nec tibi recondunt lacteae quidquam viae
Mysteriorum in abditis.
Astri supernam nullĭus non comperis,
Quamvis vagentur, orbitam,
Immensitates strenuus qui Temporis
Spatiique noscendas capis.
Mirande, cujus mens quasi in palmâ merâ
Coelum prehendit maximum,

How great the soul of man
That soars so high!
2. But yet thou canst not guess
With all thy skill
What seas of happiness
My bosom fill.
Thou canst not track the woe,
The hope, the faith,
That prompt the ebb and flow
Of my poor breath.
Outspeeding with thy thought
The solar ray,
Thou canst not, knowledge-fraught,
Discern my way.
My love,—its depth and height,—
Thou canst not sound,
Nor of my guilt's dark night
Pierce the profound.
O student of the sky!
My pride departs.
Worlds undiscover'd lie
In both our hearts.

IRELAND'S DESPAIR.

1. WEEP on, weep on! your hour is past:
Your dreams of pride are o'er:
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.

O quantus ille est hominis animus, qui polum
Sublimis istum subvolat!
2. Utut peritus artis attamen sies,
Conjicere neutiquam vales,
Beatitatis quantus exundet meum
Per pectus aestus uberis.
Nec spem potes fiduciamve persequi,
Dirum vel angorem, quibus
Cujusque anhelat intus exhalatve cor
Aegri pusilli homunculi.
Velocitate qui jubar sōlĭs potest
Evincere animus artifex,
Cumulatus etsi sit scientiâ, meam
Ignorat ĭdem semitam.
Neque ille amoris altitudinem mei
Pertentet artis regulâ,
Nedum valebit pravitatis intimam
Penĕtrare per caliginem.
Vanescit animo nimia mea superbia,
O computator siderum;
Nam penitus in meo tuoque pectore
Mundi latent incogniti.

[63]

1. O FLETE, flete prorsus: hora vestra
Spesque praeteriit superba.
Fatalis en! vos impedit catena,
Nec jam restat honor virilis.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain:
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

2. Weep on! perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise,
That now must sleep in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest at length the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave.

3. 'Twas Fate (they'll say,) a wayward Fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profan'd, what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to heaven.

SCOTCH FISHERMAN'S SONG.

1. O SWIFTLY glides the bonny boat
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.

Frustra cruorem forte cor profudit,
Frustra lingua sagax monebat :
Nec flamma semel exstincta rursus unquam
Libertas ! tua fulget.

2. Sed flete prorsus ; hique amare forsan
Posthac nomina vestra discant,
Quum multa, turpi nunc sepulta culpâ,
Mox laudanda viris resurgent.
Insistet ut quis insulae ruinis,
Servos quae teget ac tyrannos,
Stupebit, ut vi potuerit domari
Virtus tanta malignâ.

3. Fato, patebit, pervicace Fato
Vobis dissiluisse corda.
Odisse nempe vestra, junxit illos ;
Vos sed nullus amor ligavit.
Nam digna caritas sŏli rejecta 'st,
Spreta et relligio săcrorum ;
Quam genibus alter dum piis honorat,
Probris inquinat alter.

[64]

1. Nae velox bona cymba labitur,
Quae jam recedit littore.
Remus pulsat aquam leni sono,
Dum constrepit vox nautica.

His toils are borne with lightsome cheer;
And ever may they speed,
Who feeble age and helpmates dear
And tender bairnies feed.

2. We cast our lines in Largo Bay;
Our nets are floating wide:
Our bonny boat, with yielding sway.
Rocks lightly on the tide.
And happy prove our daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.

3. The mermaid on her rock may sing;
The witch may weave her charm:
Nor water-sprite nor eldrich* thing
The bonny boat can harm.
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore
Its homeward prow to hail.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

1. THE owl to her mate is calling;
The river his hoarse song sings;
But the oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.

* Elfish.

Nautae dura hilares maris ferunt,
(Faustoque redeant exitu!)
Caras ut socias et parvulos
Ævoque debiles alant.

2. Nobis linea Largico in Sinu
Projecta retium natat:
Oscillans* bona cymba leniter
Jactante cedit aequore.
Æstivoque mari sors prospera
Nobis quotidiana sit,
Et terrâ casa suavis, arx tegens
Quae quisque habet carissima.

3. Laevè Nerĕïs in saxo canat,
Et saga carmen implicet:
Atqui nec lemures cymbam bonam
Nec saeva laedet Nerĕïs.
Squamosas revehit tutas opes
Multo e procelloso mari,
Laeti dum celebrant e littore
Proram revertentem soni.

[65]

1. Bubo consociam vocat suam,
Fluenta rauce concinunt.
Succidenda fābro quercus datur,
Quae centies ver pertigit.

* *Oscillo*, a rare verb: found in Schol. Bob. to Cicero; also in Festus.

Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows,
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

2. His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he's now, like a felon driven
In chains to the strong dockyard:
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he's fit for sea!

3. Oh! now,—with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea:
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight from his bold broadside.

4. And when he has fought, and won,
And been honoured from shore to shore;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is naught that a king can claim,
Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould.

Reddit ha! icta hebetem semel sonum,
Caput iterato pronuit;
Tertio, antra gemunt silvestria
Decêsse reginam suam.

2. Trunco brachia dissecant, quădrant,
Atramque demunt corticem:
Vinctam more nocentis, aream
Navalium in clausam trahunt.
Perserrant mediam: trabeis stătim
Pangunt liburnae nobilis:
Mox pix ignea, rimis obditis,
Idoneam parat mari.

3. Cuncta terribilis per aequora,
Alas, ut umbra, (si queunt
Umbrae pandere) pandet, et novos
Vincet triumphos mortua.
Circum fulguribus flagrantibus,
Flammae superbiam gerit,
Dum lato ex lătĕre ipsĭus tonat
Loquela pugnae lucida.

4. Quae victrix acie sit undique,
Honore ubique praedita,
Vitae praeteritis laboribus,
Quid jam rogabit amplius?
Nil queat sibi postulare rex,
Vates, vel armis inclutus,
Praeter carmina cum famâ brevi,
Sortemque humi promiscuam.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

1. Oh, the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn to night,
Was Love, still Love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream:
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream.

2. Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sang to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blush'd to hear
The one-lov'd name.

3. Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love trac'd:
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste.

[66]

1. TEMPUS praeteriit, quo Venus aurea
   Mî rete cordis nexuit;
   Quando praeripuit semper Amór,—Amor,—
   Mentem diemque somniis.
      Forsan spes nova floreat
      Posthac, et veniat dies
      Lucens mitius almius;
   At sane nihil hic dimidio mihi
   Tam melle plenum deferet,
   Quàm mentis species, quas oculis vigil
   Amor tenellus somniat.
2. Si vatis fuerit gloria sanctior
   Functi juventute efferâ;
   Si contracta prius frons sapientium
   Jăm huic serena arriserit:
      At non summa meridies*
      Laudis, corde sub intimo,
      Tantam laetitiam feret,
   Quantâ personuit femineis suos
   Primos amores auribus;
   Illa autem erubuit, versibus infimis
   Se, solam amatam, se cani.
3. Quam primam speciem pinxit Amor semel
   In corde, sacra permănet.
   Haec et, Praeteriti per loca marcida,
   Siquae potissimùm virent,

* So in "England's Dead" I make *meridies* feminine.

'Twas odour, fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh; 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

KINDRED HEARTS.

1. Oh ask not, hope not thou, too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow;
Few; and by still conflicting pow'rs
Forbidden here to meet.
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.
2. It may be, that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns.
It may be, that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,
A dream, to his unknown.
The tune that speaks of other times,
(A sorrowful delight,)

Illic assidet: ast odos
Ut profusus abit simul,
Atque ut praecipiti nimis
Matutina fugâ somnia divolant,
Sic visio praelabitur;
Qualis non iterum lux hebetem mei
Lustrabit aevi rivulum.

[67]

1. Ne speres, homo tu! neve petas, nimis
Ut mutuo cor sentiat.
Paucis ex animis prolicitur simul
Affectus alme ebulliens:
Paucis: hosque adeo, ne coëant, premit
Fati potestas dissona.
Sane namque aliter* vita decus brevis
Indueret homine grandius.
2. Forsan tu venerans longe alio polum,
Ac frater, obtutu capis,
Qui sanctos, ubi sol occiduum flăgrat
Opimus, hauris spiritūs.
Forsan, qui violis nascitur in novis
Per rura Verĭs halitŭs,
Pertentans animum caelite vi tuum,
Inanis illi effunditur.
3. Quod de praeteritis obloquitur melos,
(Subtristis oblectatio,)—

* For the prosaic *alioquin*, "were it not so."

The melody of distant chimes,
  The sound of waves by night,
The wind, that with so many a tone
  Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
  To *him* a mystery still.

4. Yet scorn not thou for this the true
  And steadfast love of years;
The kindly that from childhood grew,
  The faithful to thy tears.
If there be one that o'er the dead
  Hath in thy grief borne part
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,
  Call *his* a kindred heart.

5. But, for those bonds all perfect made
  Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flow'rs of one sweet shade,
  With the same breeze that bend;
For that full bliss of thought allied,
  Never to mortals given,—
Oh lay thy lovely dreams aside,
  Or lift them into heaven.

WILD FRITILLARY OR SNAKE HEAD.

1. LIKE a drooping thing of sorrow,
  Sad to-day, more sad to-morrow;
  Like a widow dark weeds wearing,
  Anguish in her bosom bearing;
  Like a nun in raiment sable,

Campanae numeris dulcicrepae procul,—
Nocturnus undarum sonus,—
Ventus, qui, modulans multimodis, valet
Fibras ciere cordium;—
Clarâ cuncta tibi voce loqui queant,
Illi tametsi elinguia.

4. Atqui ne tibi sit propterea lĕvis,
Quae crevit annis caritas;
Quae constans fidei, semper amabilis,
Inde ex puertiâ fuit.
Si quis, collacrimans funera, particeps
Tui doloris exstitit,
Asseditque toro pervigilans tuo;
Hunc "mutuum cor" aestima.

5. Sin tu vincula vis nobiliora, quae
Maneis supernos complicant,—
Unâ stirpe velut progeniti vĭbrant
Flores eodem spiritu;—
Si tu laetitiam non homini datae
Concordiae intimam petis!
Vah, jucunda nimis projice somnia,
Vel caelitum alleva plăgis.

[68]

1. TANQUAM sicubi quid tristius, aegrius,
Moerore languet indies;
Pullis ut vidua in vestibus, intimo
Sub corde luctum comprimens;
Ut furvâ residet Nonna dolens stolâ,

Sorrow-bow'd, inconsolable;
Like a melancholy Fairy,
Art thou, Meadow-Fritillary!
2. Like the head of snake enchanted,
Where whilom the life hath panted;
All its purple chequerings scaly,
Growing cold and dim and paly;
Like a dragon's head well moulded,
Scaly jaws together folded:
Is the bud so dusk and airy
Of the wild Field-Fritillary.
3. Like a joy my memory knoweth,
In my native fields it groweth;
Like the voice of one long parted,
Calling to the faithful hearted;
Like an unexpected pleasure,
That hath neither stint nor measure.
Like a bountiful good Fairy
Do I hail thee, Fritillary!

FAIRY NUMBERS.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near;
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign blessed sounds again.

Solantis exspes nuntii;
Aut ut Parca domûs moestior;—Anguiceps
Pratensis! appāres mihi.

2. Anguis quale caput sub magicâ stupens,
Pulsante dudum sanguine;
Cui tessella suae squamea purpurae
Pallore marcet frigido:
Squamosis veluti faucibus affăbre
Gryphi figuratur caput:
Talis gemma nĭgrat folliculo lĕvi
Silvestris Anguiceps! tua.

3. Ornat semper ăgros haec pătrios mihi,
Vetusta recolens gaudia;
Diremtique diu vox velut intimi,
Pectus fidele personat;
Insperata velut laetitia ingruit
Intemperata et impotens.
Ergo ut Parca domûs lenis et alma, sic
Sis salva mî bona Anguiceps!

[69]

1. Non dormienti gratior
Permulsas numeris suis | cantus fascinat aureis;
Quando, ex quiete vix vigil
Dirâ, caelicolas putat | conspirare canoros;
Quàm vēnit illa vox, ubi
Desertum penitus meum | longus cor sopor ursit,
Frigens, quasi ad suaveis sonos
Pulsus hand queat ipsĭus | faustosque evigilare.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm; 'twas sunshine spoken:
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arm
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan:
His brow is wet with honest sweat:
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face;
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow:
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measur'd beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

2. Qualis, per intortam means
Concham, spiritus insonat | Æstatis ; penetraleis
Clam fusa per sensus, mei
Solatrix animi respon|sum vox alma cievit.
Susurrus ipse vulneri
Lenimen, tenĕbris jubar. | Oh, quàm degere vellem
Annos dolore torpidos,
Si demum tenero sono | tam fausto recrearer !

[70]

1. Castaneâ stat sub patulâ
Ferraria officina,
Nervosis ubi vir manibus
Ingentibusque fingit,
Brachia dura toris retegens,
Ut calceata ferro.
2. Crine nĭgro, crasso, longo ;
Orĭs colore furvus ;
Fronte probâ sudat large,
Meretque pro virili ;
Nec populi timet ille oculos,
Ut nemini obligatus.
3. Praeter festa, die solido
Folles strepunt perennes,
Malleus et ferit immanis
Metroque temperatus,
Ædituus velut, occiduo
Sub sole, tinnit ære.

4. And children coming home from school
   Look in at the open door:
   They love to see the flaming forge
   And hear the bellows roar,
   And catch the burning sparks that fly
   Like chaff from a threshing floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church
   And sits among his boys:
   He hears the parson pray and preach;
   He hears his daughter's voice,
   Singing in the village choir;
   And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
   Singing in Paradise.
   He needs must think of her once more
   How in the grave she lies;
   And with his hard rough hand he wipes
   A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,—
   Onward thro' life he goes,
   Each morning sees some task begin,
   Each evening sees it close:
   Something attempted, something done,
   Has earn'd a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
   For the lesson thou hast taught.
   Thus at the flaming forge of life
   Our fortunes must be wrought,
   Thus on its sounding anvil shap'd
   Each burning word and thought.

4. Discipuli e ludo redŭces
Per aperta contuentur,
Quos flammae alliciunt rapidae,
Follesque mugientes,
Scintillaeque, velut păleae
Ex āreâ emicantes.
5. Assidet ipse suis pueris
In contione sanctâ,
Orantemque sacerdotem
Auscultat; at puellâ
(Credŏ) suâ gaudet potius,
Inter chorum cănente.
6. Nae matris vox illa sonat
Cantantis in beatis,
Hancque rĕfert animo memori,
Humo in sacrâ cubantem:
Tum sibi deterget lăcrimam
Durâ manu tenellam.
7. Gaudeat an doleat, jūgi
Ætatem agit labore,
Et quod māne exposcit opuŝ,
Id vesperi rependit.
Ex aliquâ demum ille operâ
Noctu meret quietem.
8. Talia commonstrans, bone vir!
Grates mereris amplas:
Nostra et vita tuo veluti
Conflatur in camino,
Consiliumque incude flăgrans
Effingitur sonante.

"MY BEAUTIFUL SPRING."

1. WHERE hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
To the sultry South, on the swallow's wing?
Kissing the little kidnapp'd slave,
Ere borne away on the deep blue wave?
Brushing the tear from the mother's cheek,
As she wept for her child at Mozambique?
Else, whence comest thou with this potent charm,
Chaining the winds to the frigid zone;
Making the breast of nature warm,
And stilling old Winter's undertone?

2. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Away with the honey-bee wandering?
Sipping the nectar of fam'd Cashmere?
Sporting amid the Turks parterre?
Quaffing warm Araby's balmy breeze,
And spicy scents of the Ceylonese?
Else, whence comest thou with thy odorous breath,
Chafing the cheek to a rosy bloom,
And scattering the poisonous air of death,
By flinging abroad a rich perfume?

3. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Up, mid Heav'n's music revelling?
For the tones of thy song from the greenwood bush,
The lark in the sky, and the mountain thrush,

[71]

1. O mea pulcra, potens Verĭs, | quonam sed abfuisti ?
An cŭm hirundine tu calidum | meridiem petebas,
Æthiopem tenĕris puerum | clam suaviis salutans,
Quem super aequore purpureo | jamjam avehunt lătrones ;
Discutiensque genâ lăcrimam | matris Mŏzambĭcanae,
Ereptum quae filiolum | confracta corde plorat ?
Unde ergo tam grata vĕnis | potensque fascinandi ?
An gelidas intra zonas | ventos feros ligabas,
Pectoribus Terrae rigidis | impertiens teporem,
Morosaeque Hiemis fremitūs | jugo premens sub acri ?

2. O mea pulcra, potens Verĭs, | quonam sed abfuisti ?
Mellificâ cŭm api forsan | vagas vias secuta 's,
Libans nectar apud Sēreis | alicunde fabulosos,
Luxuriâve fruens Turcis | in hortulis reclinis ?
Numne auras Arabĭs tepidas | felicis hauriebas,
An tŭ odoriferum potius | aroma Taprŏbānum ?
Ast alioquin unde vĕnis | spirans mihī frăgranter,
Et roseo fervore genas | perfundis, atque opima
Spargis suffimenta, luem | quae dissipent atrocem ?

3. O mea pulcra, potens Verĭs, | quonam sed abfuisti ?
Num comissabunda săcros | ad cælitum canores ?
Namque tui qui sub viridi | dumo soni loquuntur,
Turdus ovans in monte tuus, | sub nube alauda cantans,

Speak as if it were given to thee
To list to seraphic minstrelsy.
Ay: there thou hast been. Not sunny France
  Or old Italia's land of song,
Can furnish such notes for the poet's dance,
  As the melody pour'd from thy musical tongue.

4. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Plucking rich plumes from the paroquet's wing?
Robbing the clouds of their rainbow crest?
Bathing thyself in the glorious West?
Robing thy form in the peacock's hues,
And gathering pearls from the orient dews?
Else, whence comest thou with this proud array
  Of beauties to sprinkle the russet wood,
Those Lent-lilies bending as if to pray,
  And hyacinths fringing the marge of the flood?

5. And tell me, whence cometh,—my beautiful Spring!
Each star of the earth, each odorous thing;
These white-fringèd daisies with golden-dipped eyes,
These buttercups gleaming like summer-lit skies,
These violets adorned with rich purple and blue,
These primroses fragrant and innocent too:
And lastly, the sweetest and richest, I ween,
  Of all thy fair daughters, my beautiful Spring!
The buddings that stud all thy pathways with green,
  Say, where were they gather'd, to shake from thy wing?

Tale ēdunt caeleste melos, | caelo velut redîris.
Est caeleste quidem: neque enim | Gallorum ăpricus aër,
Nec vetus Italiae tellus | cantare sueta pridem,
Harmoniam resonant talem | poëticae chorēae,
Quale melos tua diffundit | canora lingua Verĭs.

4. O mea pulcra, potens Verĭs, | quonam sed abfuisti?
Num plumam evellens variis | e psittacis opimam,
Nubibus eripiens proprium | arcûs decus superni,
Occiduo fulgore tuos | artūs rigans venustos?
Num pictis radiante nŏtis | pāvone temet ornas,
Anne ex rore novos gelido | decerpis ūniones?
Tanto tu decŏrum cumulo | ad nos vĕnis superba,
Distinctura colore novo | rubiginosa silvae;
Lilia ubī caput incurvant | tanquam profecto adorent
Mense săcro, praetexit item | ripas hyacinthus albus.

5. Jam, mea pulcra, mihī narra: | unde assolet vĕnire
Quidquid suaveolet, quidquid | gemmat nitore terram?
Bellĭdĕs auratis oculis, | cum margine albicanti,—
Æstivis Calyces gilvi | fulgoribus nĭtentes,—
Pectore purpureo Violae | et coerulo decorae,—
Primigenaeque tuae flores | fragrantis integraeque?
Demum e prole tuâ pulcrâ | (quod suavitate, opinor,
Ubertate etiam superat) | gemmas, virore gressūs
Quae tibi distinguunt cunctos; | decerpis unde? (dic mî,
O mea pulcra, potens Verĭs!) | quas excutis sub alâ.

"TO-DAY."

THE breath of Morn, the opening rose,—the sun that shines above,—
The happy birds that soar and sing,—the lips that whisper love,—
Old *Yesterday*, though he be dead, took none of these away;
He could not steal them, if he tried; but left them for *To-day*.

To-day shall not exhaust the gifts: he's liberal in his turn:
And tho' he die, shall fire not glow and true affection burn?
But,—dark *To-morrow*!—let him come: we'll face him as we may.
We'll change his name, but not his heart; and treat him as *To-day*.

MANLY SORROW.

1. IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
   When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
   That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
   Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
   'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
   Through a life by his loss all shaded;
   'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
   When all lighter griefs have faded.
2. Oh, thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
   While it shines through our hearts, will improve them.

[72]

1. AURORAE teneras animas | rosamque vix patentem,
Praenitidumve jubar Solis, | aveisque subvolanteis
Cum cantu felice; lăbra et | amantium susurra;—
Tale nihil *Hesterna* vetus | secum dies ademit
Emoriens; nec furari, | si vellet, evaleret;
Ast *Hodiernae* cuncta die | legata dereliquit.

2. Nec magis illa Hodierna dies | haec, liberalis etsi
Ipsa suâ vice, conficiet. | Num caritas gelascet,
Fessa die? vel flamma suo | calore deseretur?
Crastina sed tenebrosa dies? | et hanc vĕnire praestat,
Utque licet, conferre pedem. | Nomen novabŏ, non cor:
Sic, meditans Hodierna, velim | cŭm hâc negotiari.

[73]

1. NON ista, quam nunc lacrimam profundimus,
Quum vix cespite frigido | carum condidimus caput,
Signare, quàm dilectus obierit, queat,
Vel quantus penitus dolor | tentet corda gementium:
Sed illa, quae recursat e longo gravis,
Vitae gaudia posterae | flebili maculâ linens;
Qualis memoria cordis haeret intimi,
Quum, siquod lĕvius situm 'st | vulnus, tempore marcuit.
2. Sic usque lugeamus: at mens conscia,
Hujus luce fruens, novas | virtutes memor imbibet:

For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And as buried saints have shed perfume
Through shrines where they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet and hill:
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Probitasque nobis veritasque pulcrior
Splendebit, reputantibus, | quantum has vivus amaverit.
Atque ut sepulti jamdiu sancti viri
Halitu (bene creditur) | ex se templa rĕplent bono;
Sic suavis efflorescet ex imagine,
Finxit quam moriens simul, | nostris gratia cordibus.

[74]

1. Prae ceteris mi suavis illa vallis est,
Cujus in placido sinu | clarae conveniunt aquae.
Hujus viror non corde vanescet meo,
Ni sensûs radii ultimi | jamque et vita recesserit.

2. Non quòd locis Natura in his profuderit
Quidquid seu lĭquidè lĭquet | seu viret viridissime.
Haud rivulorum tenera fascinatio
Colliumque movebat; at | quiddam (mehercule) blandius.

3. Quòd prope tenebam pectori carissimos,
Qui scenae magicae insuper | novas delicias dabant;
Gnari, locis quantum ampliet pulcerrimis
Pulcritudinis, icta lux | caris ex oculis rĕtro.

4. Opaca vallis! inter ora dulcia,
Quam tranquillus, Ovōca! suavi | in tuo gremio cubem;
Quà, post procellas seculi hujus frigidas,
Corda nostra, tuos velut | rivos, misceat alma pax.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four, the Seasons, flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young *Spring* smil'd with angel-grace.
Rosy *Summer* next advancing
Rush'd into her sire's embrace;
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles.
More remote, and buxom-brown,
The *Queen of Vintage* bow'd before his throne:
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown;
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling *Winter* fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore, where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale;
Round the halls, where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale.

[75]

Cursūs flammiger arduos | ut Sol coepit obire,
Terras et mare caerulum
Circum convolat ipsĭus | proles, quattuor Horae.*
Primum, caelite cum lepōre
Arridens, juvenile *Ver*
Succinctum viridi choros | vestitu saliebat.
Æstas tum rosea antegressa
In patris gremium ruit,—
Sui claricomi patris | qui risu jubet illam
Conjungi penitus suo;
Umbras quà super arduam | Calpen spargit oliva,
Indicasve per insulas | fulgent cĭtrea māla.
Jam subfusca, remotior,
Flexili impĭgra robore,
Auctorem venerans suum,
Vindēmiae domina astitit.
Mālo tempora Punico | distinguuntur opimè,
Fascis et mediam ligat, | maturo gravis anno.

Atqui fūgit *Hiems* exululans procul,
Ad monteis, columen sideris Arctici,
Insultare suis hippelaphis amans,
Caligo sterilis dum comes assidet,
Circa littora, quà monstra vorat maris
Stridens altisonum turbŏ Lŏfōdinis,

* The four Seasons are called Horae by a sort of Græcism, as a liberty of poetry.

Save when adown the ravag'd globe
  He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
  And trampling on her faded form,
Till light's returning lord assume
  The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of pow'r to pierce his raven plume
  And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye
Invokes thy dreadful deity;
Archangel! pow'r of desolation!
  Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
  Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then sullen Winter, hear my pray'r,
  And gently rule the ruin'd year,
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
  Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear.
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
  Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
  Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor in his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Circumque atria, quà Runicus Odĭnes
Ventos claricitat praelia nuncians.
Interdum tamen in procellâ
Illa exit peregrè suâ,
Naturam fera proterens,
Vestis floriferae virore | aegram despoliato;
Lucis dum rediens pater
Fineis claudat in ipsĭus | retrusam borealeis,
Spargens tela, nĭgrae rigorem
Evincentia cassidis, | scutique glaciati.

Tu, cui spiritus est procella,
Aure quae bibis asperâ | rudis tympana Lappi;
Tuam vim quoties Furor,
Luce sanguineâ tuens, | invocat prece diram:
O celsipotens, tetrĕ lue praecipitans atroci!
Siquĕ potest vox hominis tangere te querelâ,
Saxea cor, tristis Hiems! vota precantis audi.
Vastatum rege lenis an-
num, neu frigore pectus Ex|torris percute nudum,
Neve Inopis tu lacrimam stringe gelu cadentem.
Algens quà tenui cubat | panno subter Egestas,
Ne rigidos incutias horrida tu tremores,
Innocuaeque alma cadas in caput Orbitatis.

At, quae nubibus imperas,
Quando littus in arduum
Sternuntur lacerae rates
Pharique, et Furiae simul | vadunt per maris aequor;
Tum nautae miserere tu,

Milder yet thy snowy breezes
  Pour on yonder* tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
  Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh winds of winter, list ye there
  To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
  At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! ev'n *your* unhallow'd breath
  May spare the victim, fallen low;
But Man will ask no truce to death,
  No bounds to human woe.

TYROLESE HYMN.

1. MERRILY every bosom boundeth, merrily oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth, merrily oh!
There the warrior's arms | shed more splendor,
There the maiden's charms | shine more tender!
Every joy the land surroundeth, merrily oh!

2. Wearily every bosom pineth, wearily oh!
Where the bond of Slavery twineth, wearily oh!
There the warrior's dart | hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart | hath no sweetness.
Every flow'r of life declineth, wearily oh!

* Written in 1800, before the Peace.

Funeis äerios super | scandentis pede nudo.
Spira vim nivium tuarum
Illa in littora mitiorem | albicantia castris;
Quà Rheni gelat unda plena, | aut furvus strepit Ister.

Hiberna flabra! vos salutat plurima
Profundùm ubique Mors gemens.
Dî noctis atrae! terreat vos planctus hic
Clangorque, vestris obfremens.
Heu! heu! cadenti victimae scelesta vox
Vel vestra novit parcere:
Nullos sed hominis homo mălorum terminos
Mortisve ferias petit.

[76]

1. HILARE corda palpitant | cuncta, ubī liberum
Voce carmen acriter | liberâ personat.
Bellica illic micant arma fulgentius,
Gratia illic nitet virginis tenerius.
Illa sanè gaudiis | terra cunctis scatet.

2. Tabe tristi cor perit | tristiter, quà virum.
Vincla servitî premunt | tristiter tristia.
Bellica illic volant tela languentius,
Virginis cor suâ deficit gratiâ.
Marcet omnis omnium | flos ibī tristiter.

3. Cheerily then from hill and valley, cheerily oh!
Like your native fountains sally, cheerily oh!
If a glorious death, | won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath | sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheerily oh!

THE SEA-KING.

Come sing, come sing, of the great Sea-King,
And the fame that now hangs o'er him,
Who once did sweep o'er the vanquished deep,
And drove the world before him!
His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,
And the sea was his park of pleasure,
Where he scattered in fear the human deer,
And rested,—when he had leisure!
Come,—shout and sing
Of the great Sea-King,
And ride in the track he rode in!
He sits at the head
Of the mighty dead
On the red right hand of Odin!
He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth,
And soared on his victor pinions,
And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,
When they gaze on their blue dominions.
His whole earth-life was a conquering strife,
And he lived till his beard grew hoary,
And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,
And now—he is lost in glory.
So,—shout and sing, &c.

3. Igitur alăcriter, viri, | pātria ut flūmina,
Monte, valle desuper | currite O fortiter.
Quandŏ quaesita virtute mors inclutâ
Dulcior sit pigro servitî spiritu,
Convenite fortiter | signa circum pătrum.

[77]

AGITE, rege de marino | concinamus maximo:
Gloriam pronunciate, | quae perennis huic viret,
Qui supercursabat olim | victor in magno mari,
Omnia ante se retrudens, | siquid obviam foret.
Pro throno foros habebat, | solitarius regens:
Pontus ipse suppetebat | suave venatorium,
Ubi paventeis ferret ageret, | otiove se daret.
Ergŏ clamemus et concinamus simul
Regi marino maximo;
Persequamurque ves|tigia illĭus,
Qui viris mortuis | maximis super
Ad rŭbram Wōdīnis | dexteram sedet.

Hicce natus exsilivit | illico, velut deus,
Subvolans victrice pennâ, | pātriam spernens humum.
Maria trameavit audax, | aquila tanquam pervolat,
Quae procul coerulea regna | sua oculo considerat.
Proelio quidem perenni | vixit et victoriâ,
Usque quoad albedŏ barbae | tingeret pilos rŭbros.
Denique ad mālum rubentem | morte fortiter cubans,
Posterorum nunc beatus | laude vanescit probâ.
Ergŏ clamemus, &c.

SECTION VI.

DIRGE ON A FALLEN CHIEF.

1. O TRUST not to the gun and the sword:
The spear of the unbeliever prevails.
Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave is fallen:
Who can now be safe?
2. As the moon among the little stars,
Such was Boo Khalloom among men.
What defence henceforth can Fezzan hope to find?

3. Men mourn in silent sadness for his loss:
Women sob and shriek,
Rending the air with their cries.
For as a shepherd to his flock,
Such was Boo Khalloom to Fezzan.

4. Give him songs! give him music!
But what songs can equal his praise?
His heart was as large as the desart,
His money bags nourish'd all his people,
Like the rich udder of the she camel,
Overflowing with abundant streams of milk.

(Penthemimeric.)

[See Note at end.]

[78]

1. Ah! ne ignipultae fidite! ne gladio
   Hasta impiorum praevalet.
   Abūcalumbes occĭdit ille bonus
   Fortisque: quis nunc tutus est?
2. Ut inter astra luna minora nitet,
   Talis viris praecelluit
   Abūcalumbes:—praesidiumne aliud
   Aspectat urbs Fezzan dĕhinc?
3. Ut destituti, tristitiâ tacitâ
   Moerent viri; sed feminae
   Luctu gementes aëra dilacerant.
   Nam qualis est pastor gregi,
   Tutela talis ille suis aderat
   His Fezzănītis assĕclis.
4. Cantūs date ācreis: ferte sonos fidium:
   Laudem sed illi debitam
   Qui cantŭs aequat? pectus enim, veluti
   Immensa solitudinum,
   Illud patebat: illĭus arca, velut
   Uber camelae lacteum,
   Ex quo redundat vena meri laticis,
   Opima nutribat suos.

5. As the flow'rs perish without rain,
So does Fezzan droop,
For Boo Khalloom returns home no more.
His body lies in the land of the heathen.
The poison'd arrow of the unbeliever has conquer'd.

6. Oh trust not to the gun and the sword:
The weapon of the infidel prevails:
Boo Khalloom the good is fallen:
Who can be safe henceforth?

DEATH.

1. O DEATH, thou great invisible!
Pale monarch of the unending Past!
Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
Or when shall be the last?
2. By thee high thrones to earth are flung;
By thee the sword and sceptre rust:
By thee the beautiful and young
Lie mouldering in the dust.
3. Into thy cold and faded reign
All glorious things of earth depart:
The fairest forms are early slain
And quench'd the fiery heart.
4. But in yon world thou hast not been,
Where joy* can fade nor beauty fall:
O mightiest of the things unseen,
Save ONE that ruleth all!

* "*Neither* joy"—Greek ellipsis?

5. In rure flores ut sitiente sŏlo,
   Sic Fezzănīta flos perit,
   Abūcalumbē non redeunte domum.
   In impiorum (eheu!) jacet
   Tellure corpus nobile; vicit enim
   Telum veneno barbarum.
6. Ah! ne ignipultae fidite! ne gladio!
   Sagitta vincit impia:
   Abūcalumbes occĭdit ille bonus:
   Quisnam dĕhinc securus est?

[79]

1. O Mors, potestas effugiens oculos!
   Regina vasti pallida Præteriti!
   Tuos triumphos quis numerare queat?
   Limite quis cohibere certo?
2. Per te ruinam celsa trahunt solia:
   Enses tuâ vi sceptraque dispereunt:
   Per te decōris corporibus juvenes
   Pulvere dissolüuntur atro,
3. Regnum in gelascens tabificumque tuum
   Terrena, quotquot splenduerant, abeunt.
   Si quid venusti 'st, vi citiore cadit,
   Pectus et igniferum domatur.
4. Sed illum in orbem non tua vis adiit,
   Ubi virescens stat sine tabe decor:
   Rerum abditarum cætera tu superas,
   Te tamen amplior exstat Unus.

SONNET TO NIGHT.

A. MYSTERIOUS Night! when our First Parent knew
Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
B. Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bath'd in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widen'd in man's view.
C. Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
D. Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

SONNET ON THE ALMIGHTY.

A. WHAT art Thou, Mighty One, and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
B. Stern on thy darkwrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.

[80]

A. O MIRA Nox sacris ! simul ac homini
Dei loquela te tuumque nomen | primigeno retulit,
Nonne hic venustae | contremuit camerae,
Cui luce fulgent tecta coeruloque ?
B. Sed rore vestitus lĭquido, radiis
Perfusus orbis ignei cadentis, | Hesperus ecce ! vĕnit
Princeps suâ cum sidereâ legione,
Et hominis oculo mundus ampliatur.
C. Tales putaret quis tenĕbras jubare in
Tuo lătēre, Sol ! quis autumaret | te folio in minimo
Qui commeanteis bestiolas retegis,
Tot lumina abdidisse luce caecâ ?
D. Cur ergŏ mortem solliciti fugimus ?
Si fraude tantâ lux animos laqueat,
Cur non vita quoque ipsa fallat ?|

[81]

A. QUIDNAM vel ubĭnam, Maxime Solipotens,
Imaginer te, qui lates sereno | cuncta quod exhilarat ;
Tuisque portas terrificis manibus
Raucum tonitruum, fulgur et volūcre ?
B. Nigrante curru nubis ătrox rapidae,
Summo sub astro noctis, in procellâ | deveheris Boreae,
Etesiam vel daemona turbinibus
Ālĕs coruscis excitas in Indos.

C. In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
D. Vain thought, the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

1. A. By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife,
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or Freedom, death or life;
B. Oh remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free.
Like the daystar in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
C. Mid the dewfall of a nation's tears.
Happy is he, o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years.
But oh, how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!
2. A. O'er his watchfire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light.
B. Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.

C. Arctoa num silentia per vacua, anne
In aestuosâ solitudine altam | caecus habes requiem,
Famelicos quà tīgriduli fremitūs
Audit caterva nocte commeantûm?
D. Frustra sed ejus finierim solium
Mētīs, in omneis qui vegetus spatii
Tractūs perpenĕtrat remoti.

[82]

1. A. PER spes, ab imo pectore quae saliunt,
praesagientes crastinum periclum;
Solem per illum, cui comites venient
jam vincla libertasve, vita morsve:
B. Nae tu memento, līber homō nisi vivat,
vita nil huic attulerit volupe.
Velut sub undâ Vesperus, occubat hēros,
rore conspersus populi lăcrimarum.
C. Beatus is, cui signa oculo e tenero
domi coruscant dulcia, dum properat
Ætas inerti prona: sed ille vigens,
victoriae qui corruit in gremio;—
O quàm magnificè quiescit!
2. A. Super favillâ deficiente vigil,
nunc pallet hosti vultus excubanti,
Certamen illud dum meminit, tenĕbris
quod jam suos cŏnfuderit nitores.
B. Quam tum catenam rupimus, hanc iterum
ne nectat! En! cornu vocat acre viros.

Hark! the horn of combat calls.
Ere the golden evening falls,
c. May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken ev'n at Victory's sound.
But oh how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

1. NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.

2. The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd!
O who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

3. The last sad hour, of freedom's dream
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by;
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die.

4. There is a world, where souls are free;
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss.
If death that world's bright opening be,
O who would live a slave in this?

O vina si victoribus hocce prius
nobis ministret, quàm flăgret occiduus sol!
c. Tum multa sistent frigore corda fero
sopita, quae nunc pulsus agit calidus;
Nec, victor etsi Mars vocet ipse, resurgent.
Dormit at feliciter hic, lăcrimis
Quem gentes venerantur orbae.

[83]

1. VICTORIS hostis nox cohibebat iter,
Collemque monstravere procul positum
Fulgura, quà reliqui | stetêre pauci languidique,
Ex acie intrepidi tremendâ.

2. Spes militaris, ardor amans pătriae,
Retusa, fracta, tempus in omne jacent.
Quis miseros crucia|tūs dicet heröum, quibus jam
Nil nisi vita decusque restat?

3. Virtutis acris munera, somnia li-
bertatis,—aegrè, sed tamen,—intereunt;
Et taciti vigilant, | dum fulgor Aurorae resurgat
Ultimus, irradietque mortem.

4. Est orbis, in quo libera meus perăgrat,
Nec quae Deus dat gaudia, caeca hominis
Vis temerat. Aditūs | si mors nĭtentes huic recludat,
O juga quis ferat hìc superba?

SILVAN RETIREMENT.

A. COVER me with your everlasting arms,
Ye guardian giants of this solitude,
From the ill sight of men, and from the rude
Tumultuous din of yon wide world's alarms.
B. Oh knit your mighty limbs around, above,
And close me in for ever? let me dwell
With the woodspirits, in the darkest spell*
That ever with your verdant locks ye wove.
C. The air is full of countless voices, join'd
In one eternal hymn!—the whispering wind,
The shuddering leaves, the hidden watersprings,
The worksong of the bees, whose honey'd wings
D. Hang in the golden tresses of the lime,
Or buried lie in purple beds of thyme.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

1. A. HARP of the North, that mouldering long hast hung
On the wyche elm, that shades St. Fillan's spring,
B. And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string;—
C. O minstrel harp, still must thy accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
D. Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

* Dell?

[84]

A. HAS O stupendae quae colitis latĕbras,
Æterna lāte brachia vestra mihi
Pandite; resque hominum | celate pravas, et minaces
Praeproperae strepitūs catervae.
B. Vestros sed artūs nectite praevalidos
Circum, sŭpra: quaecunque nigerrima vos
Antra comâ viridi | contexuistis, claudar istuc
Daemonibus nemorum sodalis.
C. Abundat äer vocibus innumeris
Junctis in unum perpetuumque melos.
Crispa sonant folia: | susurrat aura: fons remugit
Caecus; apique suus laboris
D. Exsurgit hymnus, quae super auricomâ
Coruscat alas mellifluas tiliâ
Purpureove thymo sepultas.

[85]

1. A. SEPTEMTRIONIS O lyra! mucida quae glabrâ diu
pendes ab ulmo, fonte super Fĭlănis sancti prŏfusâ;
B. Æstate priscâ tu jaculans numeros auram tuos
per mobilem dabas, quoad invida circum adhaesit hedera,
singulas cirro viridante hebetans fideis canoras:
C. Num dormiendum 'st, O lyra vaticinans, adhuc tibi?
frondesque siccum dum crĕpitant et aquae submurmurant,
num suaviores hisce tui taceant semper soni,
D. Nec leniter risum movebunt | militis, aut lacrimas puellae?

2. A. Not thus in ancient days of Caledon
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
B. When lay of hopeless love or glory won
Arous'd the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
C. Thine ardent symphony sublime and high.
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd:
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
D. Was knighthood's dauntless deed and beauty's
matchless eye.

3. A. O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray.
B. O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thy earlier lay.
Though harsh and faint and soon to die away,
C. And all unworthy of thy nobler strain;
Yet, if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note hath not been touch'd in vain.
D. Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS.

1. A. STRANGER, if e'er thy ardent step hath trac'd
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
B. Where the proud queen of wilderness hath plac'd
By lake and cataract her lonely throne;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known

2. A. At non in antiquis ita temporibus Călēdŏnis,
convivii turbam tua muta fuit vox per celēbrem:
B. Quandoque desperatus amor vel adepta gloria ignavos cievit carmina per tua, seu fregit superbos;
usque per vicem, caderent quoties vōces canentûm,
C. Sublimis augustusque tui strepitûs surgebat ardor,
feminas pulcras prŏcĕres galeatosque attinens
tremore raptos; dum recinens memoras, audacium
D. Quot sint virorum gesta, quaeve
blanda oculis Venus antecellat.

3. A. Excussa somno nunc iterum erigitor, quamvis rudis
tuas per ambageis manus haec magicas audet vagari.
B. O surge rursus; quanquam iterare resultu languido
vetustiores vix mea polleat ars istos canores,
aspera ipsa ac debilis, et celeri lapsura morte,
C. Nec digna sane nobiliore tui ritu soni;
unum tamen si cor micet altius ad cantūs meos,
non vana sagarum digitis fidium fit tactio.
D. Ergo amplius tu muta ne sis: evigila, mea fascinatrix!

[86]

1. A. Hospes! vetustae forte Călēdŏniae si terminos
Septentrionalis pedibus tetigisti, ācer pererrans;
B. Tesquorum ubī regina praeardua solitariam,
juxta lacūs et praecipiteis fluvios, sedem tenet;
sublimis est, sed tristis inusta tuae menti voluptas,

C. Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
D. And with the sounding lake and with the moaning sky.

2. A. Yes, 'twas sublime, but sad. The loneliness
Loaded thy heart; the desart tir'd thine eye;
B. And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hadst thou wish'd some woodman's cottage nigh,
C. Something that show'd of life, though low and mean.
Glad sight its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound its cock's blithe carol would have been,
D. And children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

3. A. Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs.
B. Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes;
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
Or farther, where beneath the northern skies
C. Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar.
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desart dignity to that dread shore,
D. That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

C. Lustrantis oculis avia saltuum et alta montium,
captantis aure, quos fluvii scŏpulis proni cadentes
assonant mistos strepitūs aquilae stridoribus.
D. Luget lacus caelumque luget,
murmure contrepidans aquarum.

2. A. Sublime vero ac triste fuit : vacuus cultu virûm
mundus premebat cor, oculosque fatigabat dolenteis.
B. Sanè novae (formidine nescio quâ) curae tuum
coepere pectus carpere tristitiâ motum sacrâ ;
praestòque quaevis laeta tibī casa silvestris fuisset,
C. Si quid notaret vivere adhuc homines, vel sordidum.
Fumi libenter conspiceres glomerari vorticem ;
gallus libentem te strepitante citaret gaudio,
D. Puerique turbido boantes
agmine sub viridi salicto.

3. A. Pertentat isto multimodis feritas augusta cor
horrore, quem suspiria relligiosa mox serenant.
B. Me tale quid pungit prope Rannŏchis obscuri lacūs :
Glencōve talis flamma nĭgro nĭgra fervet gaudii :
vel, confluens sub ulteriora ferus septentrionis,
C. Suas ubī cānas Erĭbōlius objurgat cavernas :
sed, coronae judicium mihĭ si vati cadat,
immanis oram terrificam penes illam laus mănet,
D. Cui torvus assurgit Cŏlīnus,
fluctibus et reboat Coriskis.

NOTE ON THE METRE OF SECTION VI.

Many odes in Pindar and in the Greek Tragedians have a peculiar metre, of which the elements are 2½ Dactyls, (as: Vellera fertis oves;) and 2½ Iambs, (as: Sed innocentis:) but in the latter, the tendency is to make the doubtful syllables (the first and fifth) *long;* as: Quaerunt latentes. Each combination of 2½ is called a Penthemimeris; that is, *five half feet.* Hence the metre may be conveniently called Penthemimeric. (See Pindar, Olymp. 3. Olymp. 8. Pyth. 4.) There is often the addition or subtraction of a syllable before the ictus at the beginning of the line: as: Ca|nás Eribōlius ob|jurgat cavernas; Dormit at fe|liciter hic, lăcrimis. The Dactylic and the Iambic element oftenest *alternate*; though the Dactylic is sometimes doubled. It is common to insert one Dactylic between two Iambic Penthemimers, as: Captantis aure | quos fluvii scopulis | proni cadentes; or, cutting off the unaccented syllable from each end. Assonant mis|tos strepitūs aquilae | stridoribus. Still longer combinations might be called a single verse: thus in pieces 85, 86, the portions marked A B C D are virtually only four lines, though too long to print as such. The last line of an Alcaic stanza is merely a mutilation, as will be seen by Daemonibus nemorum | sodalis [esto]. It must be added, that *Iambic dimeter + one syllable,* or the third line of an Alcaic, often appears between Dactylic Penths. (as in B, C of 85, 86), if we make several lines into one very long line. See Soph. Antig. 582, 3; Eurip. Med. 410, 1.

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